

Change of Scenery by duchess_of_brighton

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Developing Relationship, Dirty Talk, Dom Jim "Chief" Hopper, Drama & Romance, F/M, Falling In Love, Flirting, Handcuffs, Jim "Chief" Hopper Being Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper Lives, Kissing, Light Angst, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Oral Sex, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Roughness, Smut, Swearing, but just a bit

Language: English

Characters: Callahan (Stranger Things), Eleven | Jane Hopper, Florence "Flo" (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Marissa (Stranger Things), Reader, Will Byers

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2020-04-13

Updated: 2021-07-27

Packaged: 2022-03-31 10:19:40

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 29

Words: 45,130

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

You've moved to Hawkins for a fresh start and a job at Hawkins High, but find yourself stuck with the neighbour from hell. When Chief Hopper gets involved, he offers you his old lakeside trailer as a rental, and as you get to know each other, you become a lot more than landlord and tenant...

Flirting, smut, something like romance, and cameos for a few Hawkins favourites.

1. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

So, another new multi-chapter story, and I'm not sure how this one ends yet! But I've got a few chapters written already, so we'll see...

The banging at the door of your apartment makes you jump every time, but it's hardly unexpected. Ever since you moved into the place a week ago, your neighbour has been on a mission to make your life miserable. You honestly don't know if it's you in particular Mr Gresky objects to, or if it's the idea of anyone living in the next door apartment at all. Either way, the guy has banged on your door at least six times a day to complain about the noise you're supposedly making, and since you stopped answering the door after 6pm, he's started banging on the shared wall all evening as well.

Plastering your best attempt at a polite smile on your face, you drag yourself away from the pile of books on the kitchen table and go answer the door.

"Mr Gresky, I've been sitting working-" You begin as you swing the door open, but stop abruptly when you see that your visitor isn't your stumpy, grey haired neighbour, but a tall, burly cop in khaki uniform.

"Hey there." The cop fixes you with piercing blue eyes, and you feel an instant - and inappropriate - twinge of attraction, "We've had a noise complaint from your neighbour. Mind if I come in?"

"You got ID?" You ask automatically, and his mouth shifts from a grim line to a slight smile.

"You're not from around here, are you?"

"Ah, no. Sorry..." You hesitate, torn between inviting him in and insisting on the ID the way you always did in the past.

"S'alright." He solves the dilemma for you by handing over his police ID. "Chief Jim Hopper."

You hold out your hand and tell him your name in return, and although he looks slightly amused by your approach, he takes your proffered hand and shakes it firmly. His touch makes your skin tingle, but you try to ignore that; he is here to follow up on a complaint,

after all.

You step aside to let Chief Hopper into the apartment, and he perches on the edge of an armchair while you take the couch.

"Your neighbour says you're making a lot of noise." His gaze drifts to the guitar propped in the corner, and then to your stereo. "Gotta say, I was expecting to find more of a, er, party house, from what he described."

"Well, I've lived here for a week, and the first time I used the stereo, Mr Gresky came knocking and I haven't used it since. Same goes for my guitar, though that's been a lot harder to give up. Most of the time I've been working on lesson plans, sat right there," You gesture through the open doorway into the kitchen where the small table is piled with books, "In complete silence. But I guess my breathing must offend him." You realise your voice has risen in frustration, but it doesn't seem to bother Hopper.

He nods slowly. "Well, I'm certainly not going to write you up. But I don't think your neighbour is gonna stop complaining."

You drop your head in your hands, suddenly close to tears. Moving here was supposed to be your fresh start, and instead you've acquired a six month lease on the neighbour from hell.

"Let me ask you something," He says, "The landlord give you a cheap rate on this place by any chance?"

"Well, yeah, I guess..." You raise your head and sigh when you see the expression on his face. "I got hustled, didn't I?"

"Officer Powell tells me that Mr Gresky has made noise complaints about everyone who's lived here since '76. Never had a tenant last more than a few months."

"Shit." You mutter, dropping your head right back into your hands.

"You like to play the guitar, huh?"

The change of subject surprises you enough to look up at him, "Since I was a kid. I usually play every day." He raises an eyebrow, and you explain further, "I'm a music teacher, but I used to be a musician, and a songwriter. I mean, I still am, kind of, but, y'know..."

"You teaching at Hawkins High?" He asks, sparing you from any further rambling.

"I'm starting there in the fall. I figured spending the end of the summer here would give me a chance to get to know the town before classes start."

"Where'd you move from?" His questions don't feel like an interrogation, he actually looks genuinely interested, but then he is a cop, so maybe that's just how he reels in his suspects.

"San Francisco. LA before that." You shrug, quickly moving on, "I was born in Nowheresville, Indiana though, so-"

"So you should feel kind of at home here." He gives you a wry kind of smile, and you can't help smiling back.

"Maybe, if it weren't for Mr Gresky."

Hopper taps his fingers on his thigh and nods slightly before looking back at you.

"There's a trailer for rent on the lakeside. No neighbours - not much of anything around there, actually - so you could play as much music as you wanted. If you're interested-"

"I'm interested." You tell him quickly.

"Well, I can check out the details and give you a call, if you want?"

"That would be amazing." You feel a little of the tension release from your chest, "Seriously, thank you."

He makes a 'don't worry about it' kind of gesture and stands up. "If you write down your number..."

You hastily scrawl it on the notepad he holds out, trying to ignore the rush you get when your fingers graze his as you hand the pad back.

"Well, I'll call you." He says, and you thank him again before escorting him to the door. You never would have expected that a visit from a police officer could offer you the hope you so badly need right now. Then again, you've never met a police officer like Hopper before.

Your phone rings at 9am the next morning, just as you're sitting down with cereal and coffee. Hardly anyone has your new number yet, so you pick up a little tentatively, and hear a deep voice on the other end.

"It's Jim Hopper. I'm calling about the trailer, if you're still interested."

As if on cue, Mr Gresky starts banging on the wall, and you hear Hopper chuckle.

"I'm still interested," You tell him, fighting the urge to bang the wall right back. Then you have a thought that wipes the smile off your face. "The only thing is, I figure it's going to be a struggle to get my deposit back for this place, and I can't afford to put another one

down. I should have thought of that before."

"The owner of the trailer is pretty relaxed. You can probably work something out." Hopper tells you, and you let out a sigh of relief. "I could take you out there this morning, show you the place?"

"Oh, er, yeah." You reply in surprise. "I mean, if you have time."

"I'm not on duty this morning. Pick you up in an hour?"

"Er, yeah, that's fine." You want to ask how come Hopper is the one showing you the place rather than the owner, but he doesn't give you the chance.

"See you then." He says, and hangs up.

You eat your breakfast in record time, then dash into the bedroom and look in the mirror. You're still wearing your sleep shirt, and your hair is a mess. You've never been the type to dress up for a man, but you would like to at least look presentable in front of the first guy you've been attracted to in ages, even if there's been no sign that he might feel the same way. As it's a fairly warm day, you choose denim cut offs and a tank top with a plaid shirt unbuttoned over the top, adding boots in case the lakeside setting means mud. You might have been living in cities for the past few years, but you grew up in a place not unlike Hawkins, and spent plenty of time in your high school years messing around by the lake.

You probably should have expected that Hopper wouldn't be wearing his uniform, but it still takes you by surprise when he appears wearing jeans and a flannel button down not dissimilar from yours, the sleeves rolled up to show strong forearms. He looks downright delicious, and having to sit beside him in his truck while he drives you out to the lake is like sweet torture.

"So, who owns the place?" You ask, trying to distract yourself from looking at his thighs in worn denim.

"Actually, that would be me." He admits, keeping his eyes on the road. "I lived there before my daughter came along."

It's not a surprise, but the fact that he's a family man still feels a little like a gut punch, "So you and your wife needed a bigger place, huh?"

He glances at you, "No wife. Just me and Jane. But yeah, the trailer wasn't, ah, the right place for us."

"How old is your daughter?" You ask curiously, expecting a preschooler and a divorce.

"She's thirteen," He replies, surprising you, "I adopted her out of a bad

situation."

"Wow, that's... That's very cool." You say honestly, and as he glances over at you, you see something in his expression that gives you the same jolt you got from touching his hand the day before. "I hope I get to teach her at school."

"I hope so too." He says slowly, and you feel a blush stain your cheeks as a slight smile lifts his mouth.

"It's not much." He tells you, as you park up outside the trailer, but you've already lost your heart to the place at first glance. Sure, it's a little dilapidated, but the view is spectacular, it's private, and your fingers are itching to pick up your guitar and sit out on the little porch overlooking the lake and play.

"I'll take it." You blurt, and he laughs.

"You haven't even seen inside."

"If it has four walls and a roof with no holes, I'm good."

He gives you an appraising kind of look. "Come on, I'll show you."

Inside there's a living room, kitchenette, bedroom and bathroom. The furniture is basic, but includes a couch, a table, and a bed, so the essentials are covered. It's actually bigger than the apartment in town, and you're desperate to make it yours.

"How much?" You ask bluntly, and Hopper looks to be hiding a grin as he names a figure slightly below what you're paying for the apartment.

"But the landlord can be kind of hard to get hold of," He warns, "Works a lot. If the power goes out you might be living by candlelight for a while." He may be half joking, but with him being a cop, it's a fair point.

"I'm pretty handy. Unless the roof falls in, I can probably manage any day to day issues." You assure him.

"Good to know." He nods towards the porch, "If you're planning to play guitar out there, I don't expect to get any noise complaints from the fish."

You snort with laughter even as you register how good a smile looks on him. And then your heart jumps in your chest as you notice him glance - very quickly - at your bare legs. Maybe the burly Police Chief is interested in you after all.

Notes for the Chapter:

What do you think? Is Hopper interested in reader?
Tune in next time to find out, and let me know with
kudos or comments if you're on board with this pair!

DoB x

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for the lovely comments on chapter one, here's the next instalment...

The drive back to town feels more comfortable somehow, despite your ever growing attraction to Hopper. The radio is on, and he's singing along under his breath, which frankly you find downright adorable. There's something about this bear of a man that appeals to you on all sorts of levels.

"How long have you lived in Hawkins?" You ask.

"I grew up here. Came back a few years ago." He glances over at you, "Crime rate here's a little different to the big cities."

"More noise complaints than gangland shootings, huh?"

"Something like that." He shoots you another quick glance, "What made you leave the West Coast?"

You shrug, "Twelve years trying to make it as a musician was enough." You hesitate, then decide to tell him at least part of the real reason; he's a cop, you figure he can handle it. "And a kid pulled a knife on me in class." You try to say it without your voice shaking, but don't quite succeed.

You swear Hopper's hand moves towards you, but then he obviously thinks better of it. "I'm sorry that happened. Cops get the little punk?" You steady yourself before answering, "Yeah, but it didn't help. It was a tough school. I did a couple years, but it wasn't getting any better, and that was just the last straw." It's not the full story, but it'll do for now.

This time his hand does land on your knee, just a fleeting squeeze that nonetheless heats your skin and pinkens your cheeks, before he returns it to the wheel.

"Well, you get any trouble from the kids here, you let me know." He sounds serious but there's a slight lift at the corners of his mouth.

You look out of the window, trying to will your blush away.

"You need help moving your stuff from the apartment?" He asks.

"I don't have much. I hired a little trailer thing for the drive here from San Francisco, but I can move everything out to the lake in two or

three trips in my car. No big deal." While it's true, you kick yourself as soon as the words leave your mouth. It's important to you to be self reliant, but you might have just passed up an opportunity to spend more time with Hopper.

"Well, you want a hand, you let me know." He shrugs, "Least a good landlord can do."

You take a deep breath, "Actually, that would be great."

"I'm free again tomorrow morning, if you can handle one more night of Mr Gresky?"

"I think I can cope." You reply, though in all honesty you're not completely sure you can manage much more of his incessant banging on the wall without going insane.

Hopper insists on walking you up to your apartment, which is kind of sweet, and watches as you unlock the door.

"I'll come over in the morning, then."

"Only if you're sure. I really can cope by myself, if it's going to put you out." You don't want him to see you as some kind of damsel in distress.

He frowns, "I want to help, but if I'm making you uncomfortable-"

"No!" You almost yell, before quickly reining it back in, "You don't make me uncomfortable, not at all. I'm glad of the help, really. The trailer, and everything..." You trail off, licking your suddenly dry lips as he looks down at you with that slight smile on his face.

"Then I'll see you-" But he's interrupted by your neighbour's door opening.

"Noise, noise, noise!" Mr Gresky all but yells as he stomps into the hallway, then his face lights up as he realises who you're talking to.

"Hello, Chief Hopper. I guess you're getting a taste of what I've had to deal with. Very loud, this woman, very loud indeed."

"Absolutely." Hopper says, with a completely straight face. "It's verging on the criminal. In fact, I've just confirmed that your troublesome neighbour will be leaving in the morning."

Mr Gresky practically preens with delight, "Well, just shows what happens when the Chief gets involved." He turns a venomous gaze on you, "I hope this teaches you a lesson!"

Before you can answer, Hopper steps in. "One thing, though, Mr Gresky. In order to move out, she's going to need to pack up all her belongings. So there may be just a little more noise for you to tolerate, but the sooner she's packed, the sooner she's gone. So I

wouldn't suggest coming over here again today, not if you want her out as soon as possible." He sounds completely sincere, and you have to bite the inside of your cheek to keep from smirking.

Mr Gresky thinks about it for a moment, and then nods, "Whatever you say, Chief. Thank you for dealing with this... situation." And with one more glare in your direction, he stomps back into his apartment and slams the door.

Hopper shoots you a grin, and your knees almost buckle, because he is truly gorgeous when he smiles.

"I'll be over at nine tomorrow." He tells you. "Can you be packed and ready?"

"Not a problem." You assure him, trying to keep your voice steady.

"Well, I'll see you then." He says, but doesn't move. You nod slightly, looking up at him, trying to read those blue eyes. Then, so quickly you might almost think you'd imagined it if it didn't leave such a tingle on your skin, he brushes your cheekbone with his thumb in an intimate but fleeting caress.

"Bye."

"Bye." You croak in return, but he's already heading down the stairs.

Inside the apartment, you lean your back against the door and bring your hand to your cheek, mimicking his gesture with your own fingers. Then you can't help pressing the same fingers to the aching spot between your thighs. The thought of Hopper touching you there makes you whimper. Just thinking about his thick fingers sliding into your panties, his voice in your ear... You push your hand inside the waistband of your shorts and bring yourself to a quick and intense climax, picturing Hopper in front of you, his hand in your panties and his eyes fixed on yours as he makes you come.

Thanks to that little fantasy, you can't help a furious blush when Hopper arrives just after 9am the next morning to help you move.

"Morning." He's wearing jeans again, and a different flannel shirt, and looks no less delicious. He smells of coffee, cigarettes, and some kind of cologne, and the combination makes your already overheated brain unravel further.

"Morning." You manage in return, then promptly fail to move aside to let him into the apartment, leaving him politely waiting in the doorway for a few awkward seconds until you realise. "Shit, sorry. Still half asleep."

"Well, you better wake up. Don't want to drop any boxes." As he enters the apartment, he looks around in approval. "Nice job with the packing. Ready to get moving?"

It doesn't take the two of you long to shift your belongings downstairs and into your car and Hopper's truck. You're ever so slightly disappointed that it all fits, as it means no second trip, but at least this way you can wave goodbye to the neighbour from hell as soon as possible. You consider leaving him a note, but decide against it, instead just slamming the door extra hard as you exit the apartment for the last time.

You drive behind Hopper's truck to the lakeside trailer, and try to calm down your body's reaction to him. Yes, he's gorgeous, and yes, he's been kind and helpful and seems to be going out of his way to make your life easier, but that doesn't mean he's definitely attracted to you, and it absolutely doesn't mean you should spend so much time imagining him naked. But then you arrive at your new home and the first thing you see is Hopper bent over picking up a box, and the sight of his ass makes your mouth water and your panties wet. So much for pulling yourself together.

You don't talk much as you both ferry boxes and bags into the trailer, but he does give you a grin when you offer to get the coffee machine up and running. The highlight of your morning, however, comes when you turn from reaching into your car for a couple of books that fell from their box, and catch Hopper staring at your butt. As his eyes move to meet yours, there's a beat, and then he shrugs slightly and shoots you another grin before returning to the task in hand and hauling your two huge pot plants into the house, while you have to lean against your car for a moment to collect yourself.

When you finally finish unloading, and every box or bag is at least in the right room if not yet unpacked, you collapse onto the couch and fan yourself. Seconds later, Hopper collapses beside you, not close enough to be touching, but close enough for his scent to fill your nostrils.

"Happy?" He asks, and you turn your head to look at him.

"Thank you so much. Seriously, it would have taken me all day if I was doing it alone. And thank you for this place, I couldn't have lived with Mr Gresky for one more day, let alone the six months on the

lease. You're, like, my fairy godfather or something."

Hopper raises his eyebrows, "Fairy godfather?"

You make a face, "Guardian angel?" You try.

"I'm no angel, but I'll take it."

Your bodies might not be touching, but you suddenly realise that with your heads turned towards each other, your faces are only a few inches apart. In fact, you can feel the whisper of Hopper's breath on your skin.

There's a long moment in which you look at each other without speaking, your skin prickling from his closeness, and the air between you becomes thick with something like anticipation. Hopper finally opens his mouth to speak, and you realise you're holding your breath. "I'd better get going." He says, and your heart sinks. "I've got to get to work, and I promised to drop my kid into town so she can meet her friends at the arcade." He shifts in his seat, and then leans in and gives you the swiftest kiss to the cheek before standing. "Call me if there's any problems with the place."

"Sure." You squeak, disappointment constricting your throat.

"I'll see you soon." He says as he steps out onto the porch, and all you manage is a feeble wave.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things are heating up... Let me know what you think about these two with comments or kudos. Please feed the writer!

DoB x

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Are we loving the anticipation? In all honesty, I'm more of an instant gratification girl, myself...

You spend the rest of the day unpacking, turning the trailer into something like a home. Despite your confusion over Hopper, your mood steadily rises as each box is unpacked, and by the time you're done, you feel real happiness for the first time since you moved to Hawkins, and a while before that too. You drag a kitchen chair out onto the porch, grab your guitar, and it feels like a long exhale as you start to play. There are no neighbours to bang on the walls, no one to complain or critique, just you, the lake, and the music, your voice floating out over the water.

You have no idea how long Hopper's been standing there listening, but when you notice, he's leaning against the rail at the bottom of the steps, dressed in his uniform, his hat in his hand and a smile on his face. Normally you're hyperaware of anyone sneaking up on you, so how he managed to get this close without setting off your internal alarm is a mystery, and while it unnerves you slightly, the way he's looking at you is more than adequate compensation.

"Hey, Chief." You greet him, trying to keep your voice neutral. "Been here long?"

He shrugs, "Didn't want to interrupt." He climbs the first stair, "You're really good."

You feel yourself flush, "I was just playing around."

"You write that song?" He's up on the porch with you now, and you stand, laying the guitar gently against the chair you've just vacated.

"That last one? Yes. The one before was Joni Mitchell."

"And the one before that?" He asks, and you sigh.

"How long, exactly, did I fail to notice you were here?"

"Since the one before Joni Mitchell." He frowns, "I didn't mean to scare you."

"It's okay, you didn't, not really, it's just I usually-" You force yourself to stop babbling and take a breath. "It's all good. Anyway, you get a noise complaint from the fish already?"

Thankfully he chuckles and accepts the change of subject. "Just wanted to see how you were doing with the place."

"All done!" You sweep your arm toward the inside of the trailer. "Unpacked, all set. Only thing I need now is a shower, and my life will be complete." To your surprise, he doesn't laugh, and when you look up at him, you see a flash of something in his gaze.

"Shower, huh?"

"Mmm hmm." Your mouth goes dry, and once again that anticipation filters into the air between you.

"Well, then, I should leave you to your shower." He says slowly, but he doesn't move, and this time you decide to be bold.

Stepping in, you rise up on tiptoes and wrap your arms around his neck, giving him a hug.

"Thank you, Jim, for everything."

His hands come to rest on your waist, your chest is pressed against his, and you linger for just a second or two before letting go. But as you pull back, he keeps his hands right where they are.

You gaze up at him, hardly daring to breathe, and as he lowers his face towards yours, you pray he isn't going to plant another kiss on your cheek.

God is clearly on your side, because Hopper's lips land right on yours, just a brief brush at first, but when you can't help a needy whimper escaping your throat, he kisses you again, this time nudging your willing lips apart and teasing your tongue with his. Your hands lock behind his neck, and his shift from your waist, one arm wrapping around you, pulling you closer, and the other hand moving up to the back of your neck, his fingers threading into your hair as he deepens the kiss.

"F-fuck." You stutter when your mouths briefly part to gasp for air, and he flashes you a grin before claiming your lips again.

Your nipples are hard, the friction of his shirt against your thin tank top and bra ensuring that, and your panties are absolutely soaked. Your whole body is thrumming with need, you can't remember the last time you felt anything close to this turned on. You're letting out little moans against his lips, and judging by the way he's pressing against you, the flexing of his fingers in your hair, and the groan that he emits when you suck on his tongue, Hopper is no less affected.

Your back hits the wall of the trailer as the kisses grow deeper and more desperate, and Hopper shifts slightly so that his thigh presses between yours. You open your legs willingly, gasping at the feeling of welcome pressure against your aching centre, rocking yourself instinctively against him as his hand moves from your neck to your breast, his thumb teasing your nipple through your clothes as he continues to ravish your mouth.

You're so lost in the feeling of him, and your desperate need for more, that it takes a few moments for the strange noise to filter through into your consciousness.

"Chief?" It's a woman's voice, crackling from somewhere behind Hopper. "Chief? Come in."

"Shit!" He drags his mouth from yours, reaching for the radio on his belt, giving you a look of mingled apology and frustration.

He speaks into the radio, "Flo, I'm with someone right now. Is it urgent?"

"Janice Carlson wants you to drop by about her missing mailbox. I thought it would be on your way."

Despite your frustration at being interrupted, you can't help snorting with laughter, and Hopper manages a wry smile of his own.

"I'll get right on that, Flo. See you in a while."

He shoves the radio back onto his belt, and looks at you. "I guess I'd better go."

"Mailboxes won't find themselves." You acknowledge.

"This, ah..." He steps closer again, and the fire reignites immediately in your core. "You want to get a drink, sometime?"

The laughter bubbles up against your will, but thankfully Hopper joins in with a chuckle of his own.

"Is that a yes?" He asks.

"It's a yes." You confirm, "Definitely."

"Okay. How about Friday night? I can pick you up?"

"Sure."

He leans in and plants one more brief kiss on your lips, his hand cupping your cheek. Then he brings his mouth to your ear, "I really wish I could stay and share your shower, though."

And with that, he leaves you on your porch, mouth agape, as he goes back to being the Chief.

Notes for the Chapter:

Phew! What next for these two? Leave me your thoughts in the comments and find out in tomorrow's instalment!

Thanks for reading!

DoB x

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

This is a bit of a mammoth chapter, but I have a feeling you guys won't mind...

Also, this is my first time writing in some more of our Hawkins characters, so let me know what you think about that!

You busy yourself over the next couple of days with sprucing up the trailer. You've never had this much space before, especially outside space, and after a dizzying trip to the plant nursery, decide to do some more research before you start on any kind of garden project. It's also a good opportunity to visit the library.

You're browsing through the section on plants and wildlife, when you become aware of a whispered conversation taking place not far away. You try not to listen, until you hear a familiar name.

"Hopper. Apparently he's found himself a new woman. Moved her into his old trailer."

"Good luck to her!" The tone of the second voice is bitter, "He's a pig."

"You're just upset you only got one night."

Shaking slightly from a rush of adrenaline, you peer carefully around the edge of the stacks to see who the voices belong to. One is a blonde you don't recognise, but the other is the librarian.

"Some night! Selfish on every level, that's all I'll say." The librarian hisses to her friend.

You retreat back into the stacks and swallow, trying not to let their words get to you. It's not just the implication that gossip is already doing the rounds about you - not what you want as a new teacher in town - but that Hopper might not be the man you thought he was. Except, your judgement tells you different. But then, you remind yourself, you've made errors of judgement before, one of which almost proved fatal.

That thought has you gasping for air, so you leave the library as quickly as possible, trying to regulate your breathing as you lean against the wall outside.

"Are you okay?"

For a moment you're terrified it's the librarian or her friend, but the woman standing a few feet away from you, a concerned expression on her face, is a petite brunette you haven't seen before.

"Sorry, just..." You manage, and she takes a step closer.

"Can I do anything?" She looks genuinely worried about you, and somehow that's soothing.

"No, really, I just..." Your breathing is becoming less ragged, "I had a thing happen." You blurt, "And sometimes I get these..."

She rests a hand gently on your arm. "I know that feeling." She says, and something in her eyes makes you believe her. "I'm Joyce."

You introduce yourself, and manage a smile. "Thank you for checking on me."

"You're welcome." She smiles back, "I should have realised who you were, Hop's told me enough about you."

"What?" After the conversation you overheard in the library, this feels like another hit. "What has Hopper been saying? Does everybody know-" You start to breathe faster again.

"Hey, it's okay." Joyce rubs your arm comfortingly, "Breathe, sweetie. Just breathe. No one knows anything." She looks at you carefully, "Hop and I went to high school together. His daughter and my son, Will, are friends. She's sleeping over at my house tomorrow night so Hop can take you out. That's all I know, that's why I know." She glances towards the library door. "Did someone say something in there?"

You nod, concentrating on slowing your breathing, finding that Joyce talking to you really helps.

"Well, Marissa's just jealous. Hop's not like he was back then, and he hasn't said a word about you to anyone but me. He wouldn't have even told me, if I hadn't made him." Her smile is almost impish, and you can't help smiling back.

"Thank you," You manage, "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry." She pats your arm. "We all have our bad stuff. I'm sorry you heard something that upset you. But Hop's a good man. He is. And he likes you." Her smile widens.

"I like him." You admit.

"Then you have fun tomorrow. And think of me, putting up with that Dungeons and Dragons game all evening with a house full of teenagers."

You can't help but smile at that, "You know I teach teenagers for a

living?"

She laughs, "But you get to give them back at the end of the day."

"True." You feel almost normal now, and a rush of gratitude fills you.

"Joyce, thank you so much. I thought I was over moments like that, but-"

She waves away your thanks, "If you ever want to talk, I work at Melvald's, you can come find me."

"Thank you." You say again, and she gives your arm a last squeeze before walking away.

Even though your conversation with Joyce was reassuring, you still feel a little rattled. One thing you had forgotten was how small towns love to gossip, and in hindsight maybe it was naive to think there wouldn't be any discussion of you moving into Hopper's trailer. But then again, it's a legitimate lease agreement, and you figure anyone who's ever heard of Mr Gresky would understand the circumstances.

Nonetheless, by the time Friday night rolls around, you're still feeling a little unnerved. The weather has turned hot and humid, so you put on a strappy cotton sundress and your favourite ankle boots and hope Hopper isn't planning on taking you anywhere too fancy. You sit out on the porch and listen for the sound of his engine, and sure enough, a little after seven you hear the rumble of a car pulling up behind the trailer. Moments later, Hopper appears, wearing jeans and a short sleeve blue shirt that matches his eyes.

"Hey."

"Hey." You stand to greet him as he climbs the steps, and watch him drink you in from head to toe.

"Wow." He says, and you can't help but blush. "It's good to see you." He leans in and brushes your lips with his.

"You too." You reply, then register the bags in his hands. "What have you-"

"Er, yeah." He sets the bags down and runs a hand through his hair.

"So, I had a chat with Joyce - you know Joyce?"

You nod.

"And she said that as the new teacher in town, you might not want people talking... So I thought we could have a date - drink, I mean drink - here, instead. But only if you want. I'm happy to take you out if you'd prefer."

You feel a rush of relief, not only at the idea of staying here, but at

the realisation that you didn't get Hopper wrong. He is a good guy, and he wouldn't gossip about you.

"You mean, this isn't a date?" You tease, and he gives you a look.

"I'm trying to be 'sensitive' here." He grumps.

You sputter with laughter, "That was Joyce's word, right?"

He shrugs, "She's a lot better at this stuff than I am."

"I think you're better than you think you are." You rest a hand on his shoulder and reach up to kiss him.

You were intending to give him the same brief kiss he gave you, but his arms wrap around you and crush you to him, and instead you find yourself whimpering into his mouth as he bites down gently on your bottom lip, demanding entry. Your hand finds its way into his back pocket, finally getting a feel of his very nice butt as he devours your mouth.

"Wait, wait." He mutters against your lips as you pause for air, "This is supposed to happen at the end of the date."

You laugh softly, "Last time we weren't even on a date."

"Exactly." He gently lets you go. "We should at least have a drink. I want to hear more about you."

You smile wryly, "I'm guessing you heard a few things from Joyce."

He looks surprised, "She just said she bumped into you. Didn't realise you'd gotten to know each other."

"Oh!" You realise you've just backed yourself into a corner, which at least has the effect of dousing the arousal that flooded your body from his kiss.

"She met me in a bad moment." You tell him, choosing your words carefully. "I overheard a conversation about you - and me - and it threw me."

His face darkens. "Who was talking?"

You bite your lip, "The librarian, and her friend."

"Jesus." He rubs a hand over his head, "Let me guess, she said I'm a selfish asshole, or something like that?"

"Something like that." You agree.

He sighs, "I went out with her once, I got drunk, I slept with her, I didn't call her. In my defence, I wasn't in the best place back then."

"We've all done it," You say, feeling relief at his immediate honesty.

"No one makes good choices all the time."

"I haven't dated anyone in a long time." He tells you, looking out over

the lake, "I'm not that guy."

"Okay." You pause before adding, "But people are already talking about you 'moving me in' here. Just so you know."

He nods, still staring at the view, "People do that, around here." He turns to face you again, "If you want to just leave it, I'll understand. I'll be pissed," He allows a slight smile, "But I'll understand."

You shake your head slowly, "I don't want to leave it. I just don't want to feed the gossip. So, dating right here is good."

He grins, and bends to grab the bags he brought. "Then I've got us covered."

It turns out Hopper brought not only wine with him, but food too. You drag a second chair out onto the tiny porch, and sit side by side eating off plates resting in your laps, trading stories and letting him tell you more about Hawkins. When you finish eating, he takes your plate and sets it aside, laying his hand on your thigh in its place. His thumb gently rubs back and forth on your bare skin as you continue to chat, and his touch becomes increasingly distracting.

The sun has gone down without you noticing, and it's only when you feel an insect land on your arm that you suggest moving inside. Hopper follows you in with the chairs, and comes to join you on the couch.

"You okay? I can take off if you're tired?" He asks, and you shake your head.

"I'm good. Don't go yet."

He smiles and rests his hand on your leg again, this time moving it a little further up, his fingers tracing the hem of your dress. "I'm not going anywhere."

You lean in and he immediately captures your lips with his, his free hand coming to the back of your head, holding you close as he explores your mouth with his tongue.

You clutch at his bicep, trying to get closer, and he moves his hand from your thigh to hook around your waist, and before you know it you're throwing a leg over his and straddling his lap as he groans into your mouth.

You wrap your arms around his neck and lightly grind down on the impressive bulge in his pants, heat pooling between your thighs. He growls into your mouth and cups your breast over your clothes, squeezing gently as you whine with need and press closer. Hopper is

just so big, strong and delicious, and you love the way he touches you, the way he holds you. All you want is more.

His hand moves back to your thigh, pushing under the hem of your dress and sliding upwards, until his thumb touches the front of your panties, making you gasp and briefly break the kiss, pulling back just an inch to meet his eyes.

"Want me to stop?" He asks, voice even deeper than usual.

You shake your head as his thumb gently circles on your clit through the soaked cotton of your panties, the ache in your centre growing until it's almost unbearable, his eyes still locked on yours.

"That's it, baby." He murmurs, and then he pushes your panties aside so he can make direct contact with your heated flesh. He lets out a groan at the same time that a high pitched whine escapes your throat at the feeling of him touching you without any barrier.

"Jim..."

"So fuckin' wet." He murmurs, before swallowing your whimpers in another kiss, his thumb keeping a steady rub over your clit as you arch against him.

You're trembling on the edge of a precipice, and when you finally tumble over, you're left gasping and shaking at the force of your climax; your eyes squeeze shut, Hopper's hands on your hips the only thing anchoring you.

Your body sags, your head falling onto his shoulder, and he wraps his arms around you, holding you close.

"Feel good, baby?" His voice in your ear is a raspy whisper.

"Mmmm." Is all you manage, and he strokes the hair back from your face as you summon the effort to open your eyes. "Jim, that was..." You suddenly realise that his fully clothed dick is still rock hard beneath you. "Oh god, I-"

"Shh." He kisses your temple, "Not tonight."

"But-"

"Let's save something for the second date, huh?"

"But Joyce said Jane was sleeping over..." In all honesty, you're not completely sure you're ready to jump into bed with him, but you don't want him to leave either.

He sighs, "Believe me, I would love to strip you naked right now and fuck you til dawn, but I want you to know this isn't a one night thing. So let's slow it down, huh?"

His words simultaneously make you squirm with fresh arousal, and make your heart twinge. But your immediate concern is more pressing, "Does that mean you're leaving?"
"You want me to?" You shake your head and he kisses you softly.
"Then I'm not leaving."

Notes for the Chapter:

And there we go! Let me know what you think in the comments, and tune in for tomorrow's exciting instalment!

Thanks for reading,

DoB x

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

Buckle up, lovelies, this one is shaping up to be quite a wild ride...

The last thing you remember is cuddling with Hopper on the couch listening to records. The next thing you know, you're opening your eyes in darkness, and you're on your bed, still dressed in your clothes. In a half asleep moment of confusion, you sit up and look around the room, only to find Hopper sleeping right next to you, wearing his boxers and half-buttoned shirt. Breathing a sleepy sigh of relief, you lay back down and return to your slumber.

When you wake up properly, it's because you're too hot, sunlight filtering in through the gaps in the curtains. Your back feels like it's pressed against a radiator - then you realise the radiator is snoring. You're using one of Hopper's arms as a pillow under your neck, his other is slung over your waist, and his hips are pressed lightly against the curve of your behind. You wriggle a little, and his arm tightens around your middle.

"Morn'," His voice is heavy with sleep, and you can feel his exhalation against the back of your neck.

He shifts slightly, and you instinctively rock your hips back against him, making contact with what feels like a sizeable hard on.

"Watch it." He cautions, sounding more awake, but he doesn't move away, so you press back against him again, arousal rushing through you. This time he growls, bucking his hips into your ass. "Baby, I exhausted my self control last night." He tells you, making you shiver with anticipation. "So if you don't stop that..."

Very deliberately, you push back again, this time grinding against his dick as you let out a little moan.

His hand moves from your belly, gathering the hem of your dress and pushing it upwards until it's caught around your waist, then his fingers push inside your panties, and you whimper as he parts your folds and finds your clit. It feels just as good as it did last night, but you want so much more. You hook your fingers into the sides of your underwear and start pushing them down, and to your relief Hopper

helps you slide them down your thighs until you can work them the rest of the way off with your feet.

He pulls your leg back and over his, opening you to his fingers, circling on your clit and then moving lower, pushing one thick digit inside you. The sensation makes you keen with longing, and he plants a kiss on your neck before murmuring into your ear.

"Want more?"

"Yes!" Your voice is a needy gasp, and he rewards you with a second finger, thrusting slowly inside your dripping pussy, but instead of satisfying you, it just stokes the flames further.

"I need you, Jim..." You push back against him, feeling how hard he is, and reach behind you, trying to touch him.

"You need to be sure about this." He cautions, but his voice is strained, and you know he's just as desperate as you are.

"I'm sure. Fuck me, Jim, please!"

"Get on your knees," He rasps, his hands guiding you as you shift to your hands and knees, your dress still caught around your middle and your lower body totally exposed. You're shaking in anticipation, and he's immediately behind you, palming the slickness between your thighs before his hand moves to your hip and you feel his dick nudge at your entrance.

"Yes..." You cry out as he pushes into you, stretching you, filling you exquisitely full. He retreats with a slow glide, then pushes in again, deeper, harder.

"Fuck, baby, oh fuck..." His groaned words, his fingers flexing on your hips, the raw carnality of him taking you like this, it's almost too much, except it feels so incredibly good.

He starts to increase the pace, the bed shaking as he takes you faster and harder. The room is filled with the sound of his hips slamming against your ass, his groans of pleasure, and your desperate whimpers as little shocks of electricity pulse through your veins, rushing towards your centre. Then his hand reaches under you and his fingers find your clit, rubbing roughly, and your climax rips through you without warning, your pussy clamping down on his dick, eliciting a strangled yell from Hopper as he drives through your clenching muscles once, twice more and then holds you still as he spurts inside you.

You collapse onto your stomach, heart pounding, unable to hold yourself up for another second, and Hopper falls onto the mattress beside you.

"Holy shit." He groans, and you feel his hand stroke over your lower back, "What just happened, baby?"

You sputter with laughter, and his deep chuckle follows a second later. With what little energy you have left, you turn your head so you can look at him.

"A second date?"

He gives you a wry smile, then leans in to kiss you, even though the angle makes it difficult and there's no way you're going to open your mouth when you know you didn't brush your teeth the night before.

"And I thought you might be pissed that I slept over." He says.

"You carried me to bed?" You ask, and he nods.

"You fell asleep on me on the couch. It was late, and you looked so... I didn't want to leave you."

"I'm glad you stayed," You smile at him.

He drags himself to a seated position, and strokes your hair away from your face, "Want some breakfast?"

Your stomach growls as though it heard him, and you both laugh, "I think that's a yes." You roll over onto your side and sit up, your dress catching as you do so, pulling up further so it's caught under your bra, your belly fully exposed.

"What the hell happened?" The shock in Hopper's voice is like a bucket of iced water thrown over you, your mellow mood gone in an instant. Grabbing the fabric of your dress in both hands, you quickly yank it down to cover your stomach.

"Nothing!"

But then his hands are on yours, gently pulling them away. "It's okay, baby. Didn't mean to scare you," He ducks his head to look into your eyes, "Let me see?"

Your hands are shaking, adrenaline flooding your body, but you don't fight him as he slowly lifts your dress, pulling it all the way over your head and off.

The scars are familiar enough to you now that they're no longer shocking when you look in the mirror, but that doesn't mean you were ready to let someone else see them. The thing is, Hopper got you so turned on and carried away that you forgot about them

entirely.

He traces his fingers lightly over each of the three livid puncture marks below the right side of your rib cage.

"That kid didn't just pull a knife, did he?" He asks, and you shake your head. "What happened?" He asks softly.

"I didn't think he'd actually do it." Your voice shakes, "I was wrong. I called it wrong." You force yourself to breathe, "I was lucky it was a short blade, and he was a lefty. Didn't hit anything major."

"It's not always about what it does to your body, though." He says slowly, and his tone tells you he isn't just talking about your experience. "Got my fair share of scars - both varieties."

You nod, and he puts his fingers under your chin, lightly bringing your head up so he can look you in the eye.

"You wanna share war stories? Or you want to forget all that, and have breakfast?"

You breathe a sigh of relief, and he smiles as you answer, "Breakfast, definitely."

"Good choice." He kisses you briefly, "I'll put the coffee on, you get that gorgeous butt into some clothes."

Notes for the Chapter:

So I'm writing a couple of chapters ahead, but unusually I don't have any kind of ending in mind for this yet. So if you have something you want to see, predictions, or anything else to say about this story, let me know in the comments!

Thank you for reading,

DoB x

6. Chapter 6

Notes for the Chapter:

It's rare these days that I post as I write rather than finishing the whole story before starting to post, so you might have to forgive a few twists and turns... But shout at me if I really mess something up!

It's an idyllic, if short-lived, morning after experience. Hopper makes eggs, you eat together at the table with the radio on in the background, and then he has to go collect his daughter and put in a few hours at the station. He kisses you goodbye on the porch, tells you he'll call you later, and turns back to shoot you a last grin before he rounds the corner of the trailer and pulls away in his truck.

As you take a long, hot shower, smoothing your hands over your skin and shivering with remembered pleasure as you note the finger marks on your hips and the tenderness between your thighs, you try not to let any doubts creep in. But later, as you make the bed and wash up the plates from dinner and breakfast, you can't quite forget the librarian's words about Hopper, or what he admitted himself about their encounter. It's stupid, especially when he was clear with you that he wasn't pursuing a one night thing, but somehow you can't help it.

What if he decides you're just an easy lay? Maybe you should have held back this morning, but waking up in Hopper's arms like that, you couldn't have resisted even if you'd wanted to. And it wasn't like he ran out of here afterwards, he made you breakfast, for heaven's sake...

"Stop it!" You tell yourself out loud, "Just stop."

It's another hot day, but there's a gentle breeze coming off the lake that stops it being unbearably humid. To try to distract yourself, you spread out a blanket on the narrow strip of grass between the trailer and the lake, slip into your bikini and grab sun lotion, guitar and notebook. It's the first time you've worn a two piece since the stabbing, and there's no way you'd be comfortable showing your scars in public, but right here is the definition of private, and you're going

to make the most of it.

You apply sunblock, layering up double on the scars, then settle into playing, scribbling down ideas in your notebook, working over each set of chords and lyrics until you're happy. Time flies past, and although you grab a quick snack for lunch, you remain focussed on your writing. Then suddenly, a thought occurs to you that almost makes you drop your guitar. Hopper said he'd call you... but right now, the trailer doesn't have a working phone line. And he knows it, because he's the one who's been dealing with the phone company.

Tears fill your eyes. It feels like proof once again that you can't trust your judgement, and your hand moves instinctively to your scarred abdomen as your thoughts spiral. You never thought the kid would actually hurt you, you didn't believe it until the moment his knife punctured your skin. And you believed Hopper really wanted to start something with you, not just get in your pants, but it looks like maybe you're wrong about that too. Your tears spill over and you dash them angrily from your cheeks. If Hopper really is an asshole, he doesn't deserve your tears.

Setting the guitar aside, you lay back on the blanket, suddenly exhausted. A few wispy clouds move sluggishly across the blue sky, and watching them lulls you into a light doze. It feels like a welcome respite from your turbulent emotions, so you willingly surrender to sleep.

"Baby?"

The voice is soft, and in your dream, Hopper strokes your shoulder, your knee, his blue eyes fixed on yours as you play your guitar for him.

"Sweetheart? You okay?"

The voice sounds like it's coming from somewhere else now, and as you struggle out of sleep, your eyes half opening in the bright sunlight, you realise that it belongs to the man crouched next to you.

"Jim?" You question in confusion, trying to shake off your dream.

"Hey, baby."

As your eyes adjust to the light, you can look up at him properly. He's in his uniform, without the hat, his hand resting lightly on your shoulder, and a smile on his face.

"Jim?" You say again.

"Yup, still me." He strokes his thumb over your cheekbone, the same caress you remember him giving you in the hallway of your old apartment building. "You okay? You were pretty deep asleep."

"Mmm." You roll over onto your side, and push yourself up to a seat. "What time is it?"

"Little after four. I tried calling you, then I remembered the phone line is out. Thought I'd come by on my way home instead." He makes a face, "Probably blown my cool guy credentials, but-"

You fling yourself into his arms, without thinking, and he falls back onto his ass with a grunt, closing his arms around you so that you fall on top of him. For a second you're a tangle of limbs, then you realise he's laughing, and you can't help joining in, feeling all the horrible thoughts of earlier dissolve.

"Cool guy credentials?" You ask, as he lays back on the grass and your body settles on top of his, your knees falling either side of his long legs.

"Yeah, you know. Don't call for a couple days after the first date, all that stuff."

"I hate that stuff." You tell him.

"Yeah, me too." He smiles up at you, one of his hands slowly moving from your back down to your barely covered ass. "I prefer face to face anyway. Especially when I get to see you dressed like this."

"No one was supposed to see me dressed like this!"

He growls a little beneath you, "No one except me should ever get to see you dressed like this."

You flush, wondering for just a second if he's referring to your scars, but he quickly puts paid to that idea.

"You look so fuckin' good," He tells you, the hand that isn't on your butt sliding up into your hair and guiding your face down towards his, "I don't want to have to fight off every guy in town."

His possessiveness makes you squirm with arousal as he kisses you, holding you tight on top of him, your spread legs allowing him easy access to slide his hand inside your bikini bottom and explore between your thighs.

"Fuck," He breathes, "Wet for me already."

All you can manage in return is a moan, as his fingers lightly stroke you. He kisses you again, then slowly, reluctantly, withdraws his hand and looks up at you.

"As much as it's been years since I made out with a girl by a lake, I'm thinking our, ah, positions in society mean we should take this inside?"

You allow yourself a momentary pout, just to make him laugh, then nod. "Yeah, probably a safer bet."

"Don't worry, I'll make it worth your while." He promises with a dirty kind of grin.

Hopper pulls you into his arms as soon as you step inside the trailer, running his hands across your bare back, untying your bikini top so it falls to the floor between you. The ties at the sides of your bikini bottoms follow straight after, and suddenly you're standing naked in front of a fully dressed Chief Hopper.

"Holy shit." He murmurs, "Baby, I've got no idea why you're interested in a grumpy old guy like me, but I'm very happy that you are."

Before you can answer him, he drops to his knees in front of you, his hands gripping your naked hips as he plants the softest kiss at the apex of your thighs. You suck in a breath, trembling with anticipation, and then feel his tongue probing lightly between your legs. As he licks over your clit, your knees almost give out, and he steadies you.

"Whoa, baby." He looks up at you, "We need to take this into the bedroom?"

Swallowing, you shake your head, because even if it's a struggle to stay standing, Jim Hopper on his knees in his police uniform eating you out is the most erotic moment of your life, bar none.

"That's my girl." He says softly, before dropping his head and returning his attention to your clit. His fingers are still on your hips, but his hands are big enough for him to use his thumbs to spread you open so he can gain full access.

"Oh fuck, Jim, oh fuck..."

"Love that dirty mouth, baby." He chuckles, before wrapping his lips around your clit and sucking, making your knees almost buckle again. All the blood in your body has rushed to your centre, leaving you light headed, your limbs tingling, as pressure builds inexorably under his tongue as he licks and sucks and teases.

"Please... please..." You gasp, fighting to stay upright as he shifts one hand, and then his thumb is pushing inside you as he sucks once

more on your clit, and your hands grab at his shoulders as you shake and feel the wave break through your body, crying out his name.

Hopper manages to stand just in time to catch you as you slump towards the floor, your knees finally losing the fight as he guides you onto the couch.

"Here, baby, c'mere." You land half in his lap, and he wraps his arms around you. "You okay?"

"Why do you do that?" You blurt.

He frowns, "Do what?"

"You take care of me, and then... I mean, don't you want..." You can feel your face getting redder, and it was already flushed from the orgasm he so effortlessly pulled from you.

"Shit." Hopper mutters, then cups your face in his hand, looking right into your eyes. "I'm just trying to be a decent guy. You're smart, and funny, and so damn talented... and beautiful, obviously. So if I let myself off the leash..." He's stumbling slightly over his words, and it makes your chest fill with something warm, "This morning, the first time we... it shouldn't have been like that. I mean, I was just, rough, and you deserve..." He breaks off, running a hand through his hair in frustration, "I'm crazy about you," He almost mutters, "And I don't want to mess it up."

You put shaking fingers to his lips to stop him saying anything more, "I'm crazy about you too, Jim." You tell him softly, "And I loved this morning. I love that we couldn't wait - God, I really couldn't wait - and that it was hard and fast and really hot... You have no idea how good it feels to be wanted like that." Your voice is almost a whisper as you add, "Especially when I've felt so... Well, so not what you just said about me."

"Baby, I'm still kind of a mess." He tells you. "There's a lot that you don't know."

"I'm kind of a mess too." You tell him right back, then take a deep breath before adding, "But since I met you, it doesn't scare me so much."

You look at each other for a long moment, then Hopper kisses you slowly.

"You wanted to know what I want?" He asks.

"Yes." You answer immediately.

"I want to take you into the bedroom and do our best not to break the fuckin' bed. That's what I want right now."

Notes for the Chapter:

Feelings... so many feelings... Too much angst?
Enough? Is this working for you? Let me know!

Thanks for reading,

DoB x

7. Chapter 7

Notes for the Chapter:

Smutty, fluffy, angsty... I'm so loving writing this!

In the bedroom, you finally get a proper look at Hopper totally naked, and it's all you can do not to climb him like a tree. He's so tall and broad and strong, when he pulls you into his arms you feel surrounded, overpowered in the best way, but somehow protected too. You don't have long to enjoy that sensation, though, as he picks you up and lays you down on the bed, kissing you deeply as his hands roam over your still heated skin.

When his fingers find their way between your legs, you mewl at the sensation, and he chuckles slightly, bringing his mouth to your ear.

"Ready for me, huh?"

"Need you inside me..." You gasp in reply, "Please, Jim, please..."

"So hot and wet..." His fingers slide in and out of you at a languid pace, "And you taste incredible, by the way."

The way he's husking those dirty words into your ear makes you even more desperate, especially since you know now how good he feels inside you.

"You want it, huh?" He teases, and you push your hips into his hand, whining with frustration.

"You know I do, please!"

He moves over you, pushing your thighs wider apart as he settles between them. "So do I." He growls, his breath catching as he pushes into you, "Fuck, sweetheart, that's it..." He's resting on his elbows, his face close enough to yours to manage another kiss before he starts to find a rhythm, rocking deep into your willing body.

If it was intense this morning, this is a whole different level. Being able to see Hopper's face, feel his body blanketing yours, watch his eyes darken as he chases his pleasure, it all adds to the incredible sensation of having him buried deep inside of you. Your whole body feels attuned to him, like he's creating a melody and you're the counterpoint, moving in perfect harmony as your blood heats in your veins, your skin prickles, and your muscles tighten. You're so close to the edge, and somehow he knows it, hooking a hand behind your

knee, changing the angle of his thrusts, and suddenly you're screaming for him as he fucks you through a shattering climax, stars exploding behind your clenched eyelids. You're only dimly aware of his groans as he finds his own release, but you can feel him filling you, the heat and urgency of it sparking another little wave of satisfaction in your own body.

You're soaked in sweat, sticky, and a little sore, but you're not sure you want to move again, ever. Hopper's still half on top of you, his panting breath in your ear, his hand gently pushing into your hair and angling your head so he can reach your lips for a slow kiss.

"You're incredible." He rasps, eyes locking with yours in a moment so intimate you almost look away.

"Me?" Your voice comes out a little squeaky, your throat dry, "You're just... You're so..." And then you have a thought so inappropriate to the moment that a shocked giggle escapes your mouth against your will.

"What?" He looks intrigued and something like amused.

"Nothing!" You say hastily, but he shakes his head slightly.

"Nuh uh. Tell me what made you laugh, in this quiet and intimate moment." He's definitely teasing, but it makes you feel even more torn about telling him.

"It was a completely random thought, I swear it doesn't matter!"

"Tell me." In a swift and sudden move, he grabs your wrists and lightly pins your arms over your head. "I have ways of making you talk, you know."

Despite the playful banter, that move makes your breathing speed up again, as your brain and body contemplate what it would feel like for him to pin you down like this while he...

"Don't get distracted." His voice is a growl, but there's a dirty twinkle in his eye that tells you he knows exactly what you're thinking. "Tell me what made you laugh."

You look up at him and bite your lip, "I just realised that if this is what she got for one night only, it's no wonder that librarian is so pissed at you."

His mouth sags open for a moment, and then the loudest guffaw emerges, right before he plants a smacking kiss on your lips. "Fuck, baby, seriously?"

You giggle in relief and amusement, and he kisses you again.

"Just for the record," He tells you, "It was nothing like that with the

librarian."

And isn't that just the sweet chocolatey icing on the cake?

You lay with your head resting on Hopper's stomach as he lounges on his back, his big frame spread out across your mattress, and his fingers idly twisting in your hair.

"How in the hell did this happen?" He asks, but you know it's a rhetorical question, so you just turn your head and plant a soft kiss on his chest. It feels crazy that you could be this comfortable, this intimate, with someone you've only known for a few days, but you're both feeling it, you know that now.

"I have to go pick my daughter up from her friend's house." He says a few minutes later, "And I'm going to call the phone company again, get your line fixed."

"I like it when you drop by, though." You tell him, and he strokes your cheek.

"I like it too. But I'd also like to be able to call you. And I don't like the idea of you out here alone without a phone." He shifts a little, and you feel his body tense. "Actually, I'm going to leave you a walkie. The you can radio me or the station if there's any problems."

You can't help laughing a little, "What, like my mailbox goes missing? This is Hawkins, right?"

He raises his head from the pillow so he can meet your eyes, "Please, do this for me. I'm sorry I didn't think of it before." His tone is entirely serious. "And I'll call the damn phone company, but take the walkie for now, okay?"

"Okay." You agree immediately. And you find yourself wondering if one of his scars, one of the war stories as he called them, involves someone he cares about being hurt. You open your mouth to ask him, but he speaks before you can.

"I've seen things happen, baby. And I don't want any of those things to happen to you."

You decide not to remind him that one of those things already did, and instead take hold of his hand. "I'll be careful, I promise. Show me how to use the walkie, and then I'll radio if I need you."

The look of relief on his face almost makes you well up. Whatever it is Hopper's seen that makes him react like this, it must be something truly terrible.

Notes for the Chapter:

So like I said before, I'm pretty much writing this as I post, and I've now caught up to myself, so there might be a couple days break before the next chapter (or I might sack off everything else I was supposed be doing this afternoon and write more, who knows?). But more is coming, that's the point. And if you have a situation you'd like to see Hopper and reader deal with, let me know in the comments...

Thanks for all the comments and kudos, please continue to feed the writer! 😊

DoB x

8. Chapter 8

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning: total lack of smut ahead. Bit of fluff though...

At 8:02 on Monday morning, the guy from the phone company shows up. At 8:03, Hopper pulls his car up behind the van, checks the guy's ID, and only then allows him anywhere near the trailer. As you watch their exchange, you wonder if it's wrong that you find his overprotective approach really damn attractive.

You didn't see him on Sunday, not that you expected to, but he did radio you to check in, which made you smile, even though of course there was no privacy so it was by necessity a quick exchange. You know he's working this morning, once he's done intimidating the phone company guy, but you're still hoping for a few moments alone with him. It's not that you don't have plenty of non-Hopper related things to do - you had a perfectly productive Sunday - but you can't deny he's occupying a lot of your head space at the moment.

The slightly rattled phone engineer, whose name turns out to be Gene, works efficiently but a little nervously, shooting frequent glances at Hopper - who sits at the table sipping coffee, one hand on your knee - as he scuttles in and out of the trailer trying to repair the line.

"I need to climb up and check the box connection up by the road." He tells you after establishing that the cabling isn't damaged at the trailer end. "I'll be about twenty minutes."

"Thanks, Gene." You say, before Hopper can open his mouth, "I appreciate you getting this fixed for me."

He gives you a nervous smile, and almost runs out towards the road.

"What did you say to him?" You ask Hopper, "He looks terrified." He shrugs, "Just made sure he knows what he's doing, and the need for efficient and precise work."

"Did you threaten him or something?" Your voice rises slightly. Protective you can deal with, but there are limits.

"Of course not. The uniform does that for me." He squeezes your

knee. "I can't help it if people get rattled when the Chief of Police shows up."

You're not completely sure you buy his innocent expression, but you let it go for now. "Got a big caseload for today?" You ask instead.

"Well, there's the missing mailbox that hasn't yet been recovered, a minor case of vandalism - some kid wrote 'Warren has cooties' on another kid's parents' garage door - and if I get to it, Mr Gresky has made a noise complaint about his new neighbour..."

You shove him gently, "You made up that last one!"

He laughs, "Yeah, okay. But it's only a matter of time."

"Do you ever miss being a big city cop?" You ask, and his face clouds over a little.

"Mostly not." He takes another gulp of coffee, "You see enough fucked up things, fucked up people, it does things to you..." He sets down his coffee cup. "You got big plans for the day?"

You won't argue with the change of subject, even though you sort of want to, "I'm going to head into town, pick up a few things for the trailer. I might go say hi to Joyce, and maybe pop by the library..." You smirk, and he growls a little, hooking a hand behind your neck and pulling you in for a kiss that makes your bones melt.

"You're a bad girl." He tells you when he releases you.

"Hey, I got my 'Jim is mine, back off bitch' t-shirt printed specially."

He sputters his last mouthful of coffee at that one, and you worry for a second that you've gone too far, before you realise he's laughing.

"Jim is mine, huh?"

You bite your lip, suddenly nervous. "Well..."

"I like it." He kisses you again. "But maybe hold off on the t-shirt til I can talk to my daughter."

It's your turn to sputter at that one. "Your daughter?"

"Well, if you want sleepovers, she ought to know where I am."

"No, yes, of course she should," You stammer, "If you're sure you... I mean, if you..."

He leans in close again, his thumb on your cheekbone, fingers curled around the side of your neck. "Mine." He says in a soft growl that makes your panties flood and a whimper leave your lips.

And of course, Gene chooses that moment to reappear and announce that the phone line should now be working.

Hopper wants to give you a ride into town, but you point out that he might not be available when you want to come home, so instead you

follow him in your car, parking close to the police station, and shooting him a wave as he heads into work and you head straight to Melvald's.

You spot Joyce as soon as you walk in, and she gives you a quick smile before turning her attention back to the customer she's with. You browse the aisles and pick up a few things you need for the trailer, including some lanterns for the porch, and head to Joyce's till when you're done.

"Hey," She looks genuinely pleased to see you, "How was your date?" You can't help blushing, and she laughs. "Good, huh?"

"Great." You say honestly.

"Well, Hop seemed unusually cheerful when he picked Jane up, so I guess things must be going well." She glances behind you, where another customer is waiting. "I can take a break in around an hour if you're free for coffee?"

"That sounds great." You smile, happy to have found a friend in Hawkins.

You spend the next hour browsing everywhere except the library, then meet Joyce at the diner near Melvald's for her break.

"So, you and Hop?" She asks, sipping coffee, "Is this official now?"

"Um..." You think back to your conversation with him earlier this morning, "Well, we're definitely something, I guess." You answer carefully.

"I don't gossip." Joyce assures you, "I'm asking because I like you, and I've known Hopper a long time, and I've never seen him like this before."

"What do you mean?" You can't help being intrigued.

"Well, he hasn't really dated since he came back here. I mean, there were some..." She makes an awkward face.

"Librarians?" You suggest, and she laughs.

"Exactly. But this is the first time I've seen him like this."

You can't help blushing again, "I really like him." You admit, "I don't want this to be awkward, where you're his friend, but-"

"Well, how about we agree that if you two have a fight, I won't take sides?" She smiles, "But anyway, I'd rather hear more about what brought you here in the first place. Hop said you lived on the West Coast before?"

You spend the rest of Joyce's break getting to know each other a little better. She tells you about her boys and a little about her ex-husband and life in Hawkins, and you tell her some tales about LA and San Francisco, though you skim over the details of exactly why you moved to Hawkins, and you're pretty sure your new friend is editing out a few things of her own. But by the time you part with a hug, you're confident that Joyce is someone you're going to be spending a lot more time with.

To your not very great surprise, Hopper appears as you load your shopping bags into your car. He points to a window at the side of the police station.

"My office. Not that I've been looking out for you."

"Of course not." You reply, with a small smile, "Because that would be a little creepy."

"Hey, come on, you parked right outside."

"I know, I'm just kidding." You really want to kiss him, or at least touch his arm, just something.

Hopper clearly feels the same way, as you watch him start to reach for you then drop his hand. "You have fun with Joyce?"

"I did. I really like her."

"I'm glad. You know, she said she's happy to have Jane sleep over again later this week, if you'd consider a second date with me."

"Second date, huh?" You pretend to consider it, biting your lip and feigning indecision, until Hopper lets out one of those low growls and you laugh. "I'd love a second date with you, Jim."

"I'll call you later when I've worked out my schedule-" He nods his head towards the station, "-and I'll talk to Jane so she knows what's going on."

Even though he's already told you he plans to do that, your stomach still does a loop. "I hope she's okay about it."

"Well, she's got a boyfriend of her own - which I am not all that happy about - so she can't deny her old dad the same."

Once again his hand moves towards you and then falls without making contact. There's a moment of silence between you before Hopper speaks again.

"Want to see my office?"

You narrow your eyes, "Is that code for 'want to go make out where no-one can see us'?"

He grins and winks, "Step into my office and find out."

"Isn't that building full of your co-workers?" You point out.

"Yeah." He frowns a little, "Why?"

"Well..." You try to articulate what you're thinking, but he beats you to it.

"You're my tenant. I can tell them we're doing paperwork, if anyone asks. Or I can tell them we're going to make out. Your choice." The grin is back, and you can't resist him.

In the event, you make it to Hopper's office without interacting with any of the other cops or staff, though the older woman on the front desk does give you a curious look as you pass. Once you're inside, Hop closes his office door firmly, and immediately pulls you into his arms.

"This is like high school." He grumbles, "Except it's my office and not a supply closet."

You laugh, "In my high school it was the equipment room in the gym." You make a face, "It did not smell good."

"We're too old to be sneaking around." He says, looking down at you.

"But it's up to you, teach."

You swallow, suddenly nervous. "Let's just take it one step at a time. You have to talk to Jane first, right? Well if that goes okay, then maybe people could, I don't know, see us having coffee or something..."

He gives you a wry smile, "Sounds like a PR campaign. Right now, I'm missing the big city where no one gives a shit."

"Right?" You agree, but you can't help smiling back. "Now, when I agreed to come in here, I'm pretty sure you said there would be making out..."

Hopper lets out another little growl, and you giggle, before his lips land on yours and neither of you say anything at all for quite a while.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you're still enjoying this one, another chapter is on the way, and in the mean time there's a new story in my Hop Shots series if you need your smutty Hopper fix!

DoB x

9. Chapter 9

Notes for the Chapter:

Smut and angst, people, smut and angst...

Joyce is as good as her word, and Thursday night finds Jane sleeping over at the Byers house, and Hopper jogging up the steps to your porch with a grin on his face and an overnight bag in his hand. You're sitting on one of the new chairs you bought, with lanterns lit and beers at the ready, and he pulls you to your feet and into his arms, kissing you like he hasn't seen you in months rather than a few days.

You've talked on the phone as much as his work and parenting schedules will allow, and you're already wondering how your relationship will work when the summer vacation is over and you're teaching full time too. But you're not going to worry about that tonight, you're going to concentrate on enjoying spending time with Hopper. Quite apart from anything else, it's nice to see him out of uniform again - not that you don't enjoy the uniform, but the man definitely wears jeans well.

"Wait, wait." You pull back a little from the kiss, "You promised to tell me how things went with Ja-"

"Later." He threads his fingers through your hair, tilting your head so your lips meet his again, and you surrender to the kiss, needing it as much as he does. His other hand roams over your back, creeping under the hem of your tank top to stroke your bare skin, his fingers tracing the curve of your spine until they find the waistband of your cut-offs and start to push inside.

"Whoa, whoa." You pull back again, breathing hard. "Jim, I made dinner-" You're not completely sure why you're protesting, to be honest, although it is true that you don't want dinner to burn.

"How long until it's ready?" He asks, his reasonable tone belied by his dilated pupils and the hand still stroking your lower back.

"About thirty minutes." You admit, trying not to smile, and he winks.

"How about I promise to make this quick?"

You let him guide you into the trailer, but once inside you take the

initiative and push him gently down onto the couch, straddling his lap like you did on your first date, as you relax into more kisses. And just like on your first date, his hands immediately start roaming your bare thighs. As his fingers reach the edges of your shorts, though, he makes a noise of frustration.

"These drove me crazy when you were shifting boxes, baby, but now they're just in the way."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll find a solution," You tease.

"It's like that, is it?" In a flash, his hand moves to cup your centre over the offending shorts, his fingers manipulating the fabric so the seam suddenly rolls over your clit, forcing a gasp from your lips.

He chuckles slightly, "Another throwback to high school."

"I bet you got all the girls." You reply, trying to keep your breathing under control as he continues to stimulate your clit through your clothes.

"I did okay." He says, with a slight grin, "But right now I'm all about the teacher."

Your laugh turns into a whine as he speeds up his movements, because it's good but it's still not enough.

Hopper brings his mouth close to your ear, "I bet you're so wet inside those panties."

A shiver runs through you, a moan escaping your lips in response. You have no idea whether Hopper has a thing for talking, or if he's just worked out that you do, but either way you're not going to complain.

"So slick," He continues, "Hot, too."

You nod frantically, holding your breath in anticipation as he pops the button on your shorts, allowing him to cup your bare hip with his fingers, his thumb stroking the front of your panties.

"Soaked right through." He murmurs, and you bite your lip to avoid another whimper escaping as he finally slides his thumb under the elastic of your panties and grazes bare flesh.

"Wanna come, baby?" He asks, pulling back just a little so he can look you in the eye, "Want me to make you come?"

"Y-yes, please, Jim, god..."

"Just Jim." He says with the ghost of a smile, starting to circle his thumb on your clit, "Like that, baby?"

You buck your hips into his hand, no longer trying to stifle your moans as he speeds his pace, his beard rubbing deliciously against

the delicate skin of your neck as he murmurs into your ear.

"That's it, baby. Can't wait to get inside you later, feel you hot and tight around my-"

Your wail is almost unearthly as the combination of his dexterous fingers and dirty words catapults you into a crashing orgasm, Hopper quickly catching you in his arms before you fall off his lap.

You rest against him for a few moments, trying to bring your panting breath back under control as the tingling slowly retreats from your limbs. His hands are caressing your back, holding you close, but as you regain your senses, you can feel his hard dick through his jeans, pressed against your heated centre. There's no way you're going to let him get away with pleasuring you and taking nothing for himself again. Moving your hands to his shoulders and pushing yourself more upright on his lap, you meet his questioning gaze before slipping back and dropping to your knees on the floor, his thighs hastily parting to accommodate you.

"You don't have to-" He starts immediately, but you interrupt.

"I want to." And you really do.

You look up at him as you slowly and deliberately pop open each of the buttons of his fly, before reaching in and freeing him from his boxers. He's perfectly in proportion, Hopper, his dick as big and thick as the rest of him, the head already a little slick, and when you close your hand around his length, he gasps.

"Fuck, sweetheart..."

"No, that's later." You tease, keeping your eyes on his as you lower your head and swirl your tongue around the head of his dick, before sliding your mouth down and taking him deep.

His fingers grasp the hair at the back of your head, not too hard, but just enough to make your scalp tingle. The groan he lets out is satisfyingly desperate, and you smile to yourself as you move your hand and mouth in tandem, feeling the tension growing in his body.

"Been... long time..." He rasps, "Not gonna... last..."

You respond by increasing the pace, taking him deeper, as his fingers flex in your hair and his breathing becomes a harsh pant.

"Fuck, so... fuck... gonna..."

You'd have to stop to reply, so instead you squeeze his thigh with your free hand, take him as deep as you can, and he chokes out something that sounds like your name as he fills your mouth.

You're panting slightly yourself as you gently draw back, wiping your lips on the back of your hand, and looking up to meet his eyes.

"Jesus," He groans, "I think you killed me."

You can't help laughing as you flop onto the couch next to him. "And there was me thinking you enjoyed it."

He refastens his pants before leaning over and capturing your mouth in a kiss. "Trust me, I really did. You're something else, sweetheart."

"You're not so bad yourself, Jim."

"You know, you're the only person who calls me that." He notes, standing with a groan and taking the few steps to the porch to retrieve the cold bottles of beer you set out earlier.

"What do you mean?" You ask, as he sits back down beside you, handing you a beer before wrapping his arm around you.

"Everyone else calls me Hopper, or Hop."

"Seriously? Everyone?" You ask in disbelief.

"Yup. Or Chief, I guess."

"Even... I don't know..." You don't want to explicitly mention the librarian, but, "Didn't your exes call you Jim?"

"Right from high school I was Hopper to everyone, including girlfriends." He pauses, "My ex-wife..." He says slowly, "Called me Hop, or James when she was pissed at me," He pauses again, and you realise you're holding your breath. "And then 'Dad'."

You swallow before looking up at him, only to see that his eyes are fixed on the wall, his jaw slightly clenched. "Dad?"

"I had a daughter. Before Jane. She was seven, and she... she died." His voice is pretty even, but there's a tiny tremble as he adds, "Her name was Sara."

"Is that when you came back to Hawkins?" You ask softly.

He just nods.

"Thank you for telling me." You murmur, and feel his arm tighten around you as he nods again.

"Sorry about the timing." He says after a few moments.

You really don't want to laugh, but you honestly can't help the snort of laughter that escapes your mouth, and to your surprise and relief, Hopper chuckles too.

"Everyone has their stuff." You tell him, thinking back to Joyce's words outside the library.

"You going to tell me yours one day?" He asks.

"One day." You answer, reaching up to kiss his cheek. "But right now, I'm going to make dinner."

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't believe we're nine chapters in. Who says smut can't have plot?

Let me know what you think in the comments, anything you'd like to see less/more of, and I'll post the next chapter within the next few days.

Thank you so much for reading,

DoB x

10. Chapter 10

Notes for the Chapter:

I can't lie, this got really smutty. I didn't mean it to, it just happened.

"This is really good," Hopper tells you, tucking into the lasagne and salad you made for dinner.

"Don't get too excited," You laugh, "This is my very best dish. Cooking isn't really my thing, I'm too impatient."

"You should get a grill." He suggests, "Set up out back. Not much patience required there."

You laugh, "I have zero skills in the barbecue department."

"Then it's lucky I'm a master." He grins.

"And what makes you think I'd let you come over and grill on my property?"

He very deliberately runs a hand up your thigh, letting his fingers push under the hem of your cut offs. "You like me on your property." Your laugh is a little breathy, and you catch his satisfied smirk as he withdraws his hand and picks up his fork again.

You take a breath before asking the question you've been putting off, "How did it go with Jane?"

Hopper's face is hard to read as he contemplates the question. "The thing you have to understand about my kid... She came from a bad situation. She wasn't 'socialised' is how the doc put it. So she's not a big talker." His mouth is a thin line, and he looks kind of angry - understandably. "They called her Eleven." He continues, the words coming like bites, "The number eleven." You watch him visibly try to bring himself under control, "So we called her El, to start with. Her friends call her El. You should know that."

"Okay." In your years of teaching, you've encountered plenty of kids with complicated or terrible home lives, especially those in the foster system, so sadly what Hopper's telling you isn't all that alien. You tentatively place your hand on his, which is resting in a fist on the table. To your slight surprise, he immediately opens his fingers and interlaces them with yours.

"I told her I'd met someone I wanted to date," He tells you, a little

calmer now, "She asked why - that's very her, it's not a reflection on you-"

You nod to reassure him, even though your heart is in your mouth.

"-and I told her you were smart, and funny, and play the guitar." His mouth lifts into a slight smile, "And she asked if you were pretty, which I'd forgotten to mention, so I reassured her that you are very pretty..."

You can't help blushing at his description of you, even as you laugh a little at his story.

"And then," He continues, "She said okay, so I explained about her sleeping over at Joyce's so I could take you on a date, and she was fine about it." He shrugs, "Like I said, she's not like other kids, so it was never going to be a hundred questions or anything like that."

You feel the tension draining out of you, and squeeze his hand. "So that's good, she's okay with it. I'm relieved."

"Me too. We've not had to deal with the idea of me dating before, so..."

You can't help a very slight smirk at that one. It's always nice to feel special, after all.

You've both finished your food, so you stand to clear the table, even though Hopper seems just a little reluctant to let go of your hand.

"I failed on dessert." You confess, as you take the plates to the sink.

"But there's ice cream."

"Maybe I'll just eat you," He suggests, and you turn to see the dirty grin on his face.

"Cannibalism is definitely a crime, Chief." You retort, even though his words cause a twinge between your thighs.

He gives a low chuckle. "What I have in mind is completely legal. In this state, anyway."

You busy yourself putting the leftovers in the fridge, grateful for the cool air on your face in the increasingly charged atmosphere.

When you turn back, Hopper has stepped onto the porch, lighting a cigarette. You don't smoke - you learned early on it does nothing good for your singing voice - but there's something inexplicably sexy about the way Hopper looks when he's enjoying a smoke. You lean against the doorway, watching him as he looks out over the lake in the dimming light, his big frame illuminated by the lanterns on the porch. You can feel a pulse between your legs, and your skin is

tingling, anticipating his touch. You swear no man has ever affected you to the degree he does.

He carefully extinguishes his cigarette in the saucer you put on the rail for him earlier, and takes a long swig of his beer before setting the bottle down. He must know you're there, you're only a few steps away and he's a police officer after all, but he doesn't give any sign. It's only when he turns back to face the house that he acknowledges your presence.

"You like watching me?" His voice is soft.

You can only manage a slight shrug, your throat suddenly dry as you take a small step out onto the porch.

"I liked watching you play guitar, that time." He tells you, "When you didn't notice I was there." His mouth lifts into a slight smile, "Lucky you couldn't read my mind though."

You let out a little laugh, even though your pulse and breathing have sped up as he slowly walks towards you.

"Things I wanted to do to you," He continues, stopping right in front of you, "Definitely legal... but maybe only just."

The noise that escapes your lips is somewhere between a whimper and a plea, as he closes your mouth with his.

He backs you right up against the wall of the trailer, just like he did that day when you had your first kiss, his thigh pushing between yours as his tongue explores your mouth, his fingers lacing through your hair. On that day, his radio interrupted things going any further, but that won't happen tonight.

"What would have happened next?" You mumble against his lips, "If-

"If Flo hadn't interrupted?" He asks, clearly on the same wavelength.

"Yeah."

"Depends if I recovered my self control or not." His eyes are fixed on yours, your faces barely an inch apart. It's intense and so arousing you can hardly breathe.

"Let's say you didn't..." You tempt, and he growls as his lips meet yours in another devouring kiss.

One hand drops from your hair, and he jerks open the buttons of your shorts, making you gasp into his mouth as they drop to the floor. Your whole body is shaking with anticipation, because when you encouraged Hopper to let himself off the leash, you'd never quite

imagined this. Not that you're complaining. Your panties go next, impatiently shoved down your thighs, and you help him push them down until they, too, can fall at your feet. His hands cup your naked ass, and he breaks the kiss for just a moment to murmur an order.

"Jump up." He lifts you as you obey, and your legs wrap around his waist, leaving you pinned between Hopper and the wall. It only takes him a moment to open the fly of his jeans one-handed and free his rock hard dick, and then in the next breath you're sliding down onto him, aided by his hands spreading you open.

"Fuck!" Your head tips back against the wall as he fills you, and he scrapes his teeth against the sensitive skin of your neck, letting out a groan. As he starts to move, you realise you won't last long, not just because in this position he's hitting that magic spot inside you with every thrust, but because you're being fucked against the wall of your house, out in the open, by the goddamn Chief of Police, and his grunts as he powers into you, his strength as he holds you up, the taste of cigarettes and beer and just Hopper as he kisses you...

"Jim, Jim," You pull your mouth away, gasping for air as every muscle in your body tightens, every nerve ending ignites, "Jim..." It's a wail that echoes across the lake as you arch and explode, his hands anchoring you as he thrusts even harder, your vision turning white as your body keeps pulsing with pleasure, and then you feel him falter as his deep groans signal his own climax, your legs wrapping tighter around his waist to keep him within you, greedily taking every drop as he spills himself inside you.

"Jesus." He's panting hard as he gently lifts you and then lowers you carefully to the ground, before placing his palms on the wall either side of your head, supporting himself as he tries to recover his breath. You're just grateful for the wall holding you up as you wait for sensation to return to your limbs. You can feel your combined juices running down the inside of your thigh, and that causes another little aftershock.

"That.. that was... fuck me, Hopper."

"Just did." He manages with a tired smirk, his eyes smiling into yours.

"And since when did you call me Hopper?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Phew! Okay, so where should this go next? Should

reader get to meet Jane/El? Should Hop and reader double date with Joyce? Should Hopper put his handcuffs to good and dirty use? Let me know, I'm open to ideas!

Thanks for reading, you guys are the best!

DoB x

11. Chapter 11

Notes for the Chapter:

A little angst, a little fluff, a lot of shirtless Hopper...

Mild trigger warning for nightmares and PTSD, proceed with sensible caution if that's a thing for you.

After you share a shower, it's Hopper's idea to have a nightcap in bed, one which you enthusiastically support, although you also beg him to bring you the ice cream from the freezer.

"I've never seen a girl mainlining ice cream and drinking scotch at the same time before." He tells you, sipping his own drink as he sits propped against the headboard next to you, clad only in his boxers. His chest is bare because you're wearing his shirt, and you're leaning against his shoulder, one of your legs thrown over his.

"You're missing out." You tell him, offering him a spoonful, and he shakes his head with a smile.

"All yours, beautiful."

"Hey, you want to know something funny?" You ask him, the combination of sugar, alcohol, and the aftermath of spectacular sex making you feel a little high and giggly.

"Sure." He kisses your temple.

"I've had a song stuck in my head the last few days, and I just realised it's because of you."

"Oh yeah?"

You sing him a few lines, "*You don't tug on superman's cape, You don't spit into the wind, You don't pull the mask off that old lone ranger, And you don't mess around with Jim...*"

He laughs, joining in the last line. "Yeah, I might have heard that song a time or two before."

"You like Jim Croce?"

"Yeah. You should check out my record collection some time."

You nudge his shoulder with yours, "I might just do that." Your spoon scrapes the bottom of the ice cream tub. "Aw, dammit."

"I think you've had enough." He tells you, mock sternly, "I'm cutting you off."

You pout playfully as he takes the empty tub from you. "Spoilsport."

"I'll bring you some more next time I come over."

"Deal." You snuggle against him, and he takes the hint and wraps an arm around your shoulders.

"You tired, baby?"

"Not really," You say, not entirely truthfully, "Just comfortable. You?"

"Honestly? Can't remember the last time I was this relaxed." He kisses your hair. "Not sure how you do that to me."

"I could say the same to you." You yawn against your will. "But I think you just fucked me into submission."

He lets out a snort of laughter. "Is that what we're calling it?"

"Mm hmm." Your eyelids are growing heavy, and he kisses your hair again.

"You are tired, baby. Don't lie to me."

"Don't wanna go to sleep yet." You try to protest, but he guides you down to a laying position, your head pillowed on his shoulder.

"I'm not leaving, you know that, right?"

"Yes, but..." The alcohol must have loosened your tongue, or maybe it was the sex, "You will in the morning."

"And I'll come back." He says gently, pulling you a little tighter into his arms.

"You can't know that." You murmur, on the edge of sleep despite your resistance to it.

"Trust me, baby, I won't let a good thing go. Not if I have a choice, anyway."

You want to answer, but sleep takes you before you can.

The pain is excruciating, tearing through your body like wildfire, stealing your breath, spilling your blood, a red lake spreading out around you. You want to scream, but there's no air in your lungs, no strength to fight or run.

"Wake up, baby!" You can't see who's speaking, certainly not the boy standing over you with the knife.

"Wake up, come on sweetheart, open your eyes."

Everything is going blurry, you don't want to pass out, if you pass out it's all over...

"It's Jim, baby, you're safe, open your eyes for me, come on."

"Jim?" His face floats in front of you as you struggle to pull yourself out of what you now realise was a dream.

"Yeah, baby, it's me. You're okay. I've got you."

"Jim?" You say again, then the dam breaks and you're sobbing, grabbing at the shirt you're wearing, desperately trying to get to your skin, to see if you're bleeding, to see...

"Here, here." He deftly pulls the shirt up under your breasts, so you can press your hands to the scars, feeling their healed state, seeing the lack of blood. As always, that starts to calm you. It's not now, it's not real. It's in the past.

"The therapist called it post traumatic stress." You tell Hopper, sitting up in bed cradling the mug of tea he made for you.

"Yeah," He sighs deeply, "I'm familiar with it. You have the nightmares often?"

"Not so much any more. Maybe once every few weeks? At first it was every night, so... progress." You muster a weak smile. "I'm so sorry."

"You don't need to apologise," He squeezes your thigh gently. "I'm here. If you want to talk about it, talk. If you want to forget about it, we can do that too."

You swallow. Maybe this is the best time to tell him what happened. After all, it can't get any more embarrassing than him witnessing your nightmare; maybe it's time to get it over with.

"He was in my tenth grade class," You start slowly, "The kid who stabbed me. He always seemed like a nice enough kid. But he was from a rough neighbourhood, and he had to pick a side, a gang, and they set him a task. They told him to stab a teacher, and music was the first class of the day." Your voice is shaking, and you pause to try to steady it. "I didn't run. I tried to talk him down. I didn't believe he would do it. So that's on me."

"None of it is on you," Hopper tells you quietly. "Not one damn thing about it."

"One of the other kids in the class took him down. He probably saved my life. A football player named Tyrone Thomson." You manage a brief smile, "He hit him like a truck. Then he came to see me in hospital, and cried like a baby, because he thought he'd been too late-" The tears threaten again. "I had a punctured lung, and some impressive bleeding. That's it. It could have been much, much worse."

"That part doesn't matter." He says, cupping your face in his hand, making sure you're looking at him. "It's not about how bad the injuries were. It's how they happened. And that was all kinds of fucked up. Jesus, you should have been safe in school."

"No one is safe anywhere." You tell him, articulating the bleak fact

that you've learned from the experience. "That's the truth."

"I wish I could disagree." He sighs deeply. "I really do. But I can tell you that you're safer here in Hawkins than you were in the city, and you're safer with me than with anyone else."

"Is that right?" You summon a small smile.

"Damn straight." He wraps his arm around you, holding you close.

"You ever get the dream twice in a night?"

"No, never."

"Then you should get some more sleep. I've got you, nothing's going to happen, okay?"

You know you should feel embarrassed, but instead you feel protected, for the first time since long before the stabbing. The tears that fill your eyes as you snuggle down in bed, nestled in Hopper's arms, are bittersweet.

When you wake up in daylight, you're alone. For a horrible moment you curse yourself for letting your vulnerability show - he must have been scared off - then you smell coffee and hear movement in the living room, and your heart rate slows. Hopper's still here, just like he said he would be. You slide out of bed, still wearing his shirt, and walk slowly out to find him.

"Jim?" You call out, still half expecting to receive no response.

"Out here, baby." He's on the porch, wearing jeans and nothing else, smoking a cigarette and holding the biggest coffee mug you own.

"Hi." You can't believe how shy you suddenly feel. "I'll just-" You gesture towards the kitchen, and feel his eyes follow you as you go to fetch your own mug of coffee, then you steel yourself to go and join him.

"You look really good in my shirt." He tells you, and you blush instantly. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm good." You reassure him, not quite honestly, as you sip coffee and use the view over the lake to avoid his gaze.

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about," He says slowly, "In case you were wondering. It could just as easily have been me having the nightmare."

You turn in surprise and meet his eyes. "Seriously?"

"Yeah." He doesn't offer anything further, but the grim set of his mouth makes you believe him.

You take in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Let's start again," You

step close to him, your heart still pounding with nervous adrenaline, and reach up to kiss his cheek. "Morning, Jim."

His arm instantly wraps around you, and he brushes a kiss over your lips. "Good morning, beautiful."

The smile that lifts your mouth is genuine this time, "I had a really good time last night."

"So did I." He kisses you again, "You want to do something this weekend? Maybe go out?"

"Like, out in public?" You check.

"Yeah. I'm working Saturday, but I could take you for lunch at the diner or something."

"People will talk..."

He shrugs, "They're probably talking already. We are allowed to date, you know."

"We are, aren't we?" You allow the smile to spread across your face. However nervous you might be of gossip, the fact that Hopper is comfortable being seen out with you means he genuinely hasn't been put off by your issues.

"And, ah, listen," He runs a hand over his hair, "You'll probably hear gossip about me. About Sara-" You draw in a slight breath before he continues, "-and why I moved back to Hawkins, and maybe about what I was like back then-"

You gently stop him by laying your fingers over his lips. "I don't care. I know who you are now." But you can't resist adding, "The librarian, though..."

"Jesus," He rolls his eyes in mock exasperation, "Enough with that already."

You giggle and he wraps his arms around you fully, the coffee mug he's still holding warming your lower back as you both look out over the lake.

After you eat breakfast, Hopper dresses in his uniform, and you lounge on the bed and watch, still wearing his shirt from the night before.

"You can keep that." He tells you, and you grin.

"I'll wash it for you, and swap it for the one you wear next time you stay over." He gives you a quizzical look, and you explain, "They're only good as long as they smell like you."

He leans down and kisses you, "Eau de Hopper? Really?"

"Oh yeah, premium stuff."

He laughs, taking his holster from his bag and starting to gear up. As he tucks his handcuffs away, you can't resist asking him, "You ever used those in the bedroom?"

He turns to you with eyebrows raised, "The handcuffs?"

"Mm hmm." You can feel the colour rising in your cheeks, but Hopper looks intrigued.

"Well, I guess there are two possible answers to that question." He says, "It's either 'no', or 'not yet'." He crouches down so that his eyes are level with yours, "No?"

You swallow and shake your head minutely, heat building between your legs.

"Not yet?" He asks, and you nod slightly, licking your dry lips.

"Okay then." He straightens up, flashing you a truly filthy grin, "Guess we have plans for Saturday night as well."

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, you guys asked for handcuffs, so handcuffs shall be delivered. Keep an eye out for the next chapter, coming soon! And thank you for all the comments, they're almost as good at fuelling my writing as the tub of Ben and Jerry's I just ate...

DoB x

12. Chapter 12

Notes for the Chapter:

You guys wanted handcuffs, I give you handcuffs...
This is quite a long chapter, the smut kind of got away from me!

Hopper meets you outside the police station for your lunch date, and seems to take a large amount of pleasure in taking your hand and holding it in his as you walk the three blocks to the diner.

"Are you trying to make a point?" You ask.

"Yeah. You're mine. That's the point I'm making to the men of Hawkins who are checking out the hot new teacher in town."

"Jim, no one is checking me out."

He huffs, "Yes they are. Trust me."

"Well," You say, catching sight of a few glances aimed in your direction, "Some of the women of Hawkins are looking mighty disappointed right about now..."

He snorts, "That's not disappointment, that's shock."

You give him a firm nudge with your elbow, "Shut up. You're hot and you know it."

He snorts with laughter and squeezes your hand, pulling you tighter against him. "C'mon beautiful, lets go eat."

You're served by a waitress whose eyebrows are raised so high at the sight of Hopper's hand holding yours that they practically disappear into her hairline. Nonetheless, she brings you coffee, your sandwich and Hopper's burger, and manages not to pass comment, for which you're eternally grateful. While you eat, a few people stop by the table to say hello to Hopper, and he insists on introducing you to them, which is sweet.

It's when you're sharing apple pie for dessert that you notice out of the corner of your eye some kids on the sidewalk outside the diner. They're hanging around on their bikes, and one keeps jumping up a little to look at you and Hopper through the window.

"Friends of yours?" You ask him, your heart beating a little faster as you gesture with your head towards the small group outside the window.

He turns to look, and you watch as the kids immediately turn away and pretend they weren't looking. Hopper leans over and taps on the window, and one of the girls in the group looks over with a slightly guilty expression. The other girl, a redhead, grabs her hand and they both start giggling as the redhead raises their joined hands and waves. Hopper gives them a reluctant half smile and raises a hand in acknowledgement.

"That's my daughter." He tells you, "The girl with dark hair."

Even though you'd already guessed, you feel a blush spreading over your cheeks. You raise your own hand tentatively, and try a smile, and while the redhead collapses into giggles, Jane gives you a very small smile of her own before one of the boys says something, and the whole group moves off.

You can't quite believe it, but your hands are shaking as you pick up your water glass and try to act normal.

"Sorry about that." Hopper's smiling as he says it, though. "I guess they're curious."

"Understandable."

"Ah, I was actually thinking, maybe next weekend, we could all go for breakfast or something. El loves waffles, pancakes... She's obsessed with Eggos." There's a sort of tentative hopefulness on his face that makes your heart squeeze, and makes it impossible to say no.

"Um, okay. I mean, she might hate me-"

He shakes his head and leans over to take your hand. "She won't hate you. She's not that kind of kid. Just don't expect her to talk much."

"Okay." You try to regulate your breathing without him noticing, but he's watching you too carefully for that.

"Breathe for me, baby. Nice and slow." He says quietly and calmly,

"We're good, just sitting here in the diner, eating pie."

It seems silly, but his words bring you into the moment, and help you calm down. "Sorry, Jim, I think it's all just a bit..."

"Fast?" He asks, his face falling just a little.

"No!" You reassure him quickly, "It's just a lot at once, being out in public, and everyone staring, and then seeing El, and now the next step-"

"Yeah, I get it." He squeezes your hand, "Keep that breathing for me, baby. Just remember, once this is done, it's done. People will stop being interested once the novelty wears off."

"Of course they will." You agree, feeling calmer by the minute, "Once we're just another boring couple."

He raises an eyebrow, "We're never going to be boring, sweetheart."

He shoots you a look, "Have you forgotten our plans for tonight?"

You suck in a breath as heat floods between your thighs. "No..."

He smirks, "I'll be coming over around seven, by the way. Don't wear anything you don't want me to tear off of you..."

Taking full advantage of the remote location of the trailer, you greet Hopper at the door wearing absolutely nothing at all, a decision that renders him temporarily speechless.

"You did say not to wear anything I don't want ripped off..." You point out, relishing his reaction to what felt like a risky choice.

"I did." He says after a moment, his voice a low growl, "Fuck, sweetheart..."

You swallow at the intense look in his eyes, stepping back from the doorway as he crosses the threshold.

"I've been thinking about this all afternoon," He tells you, "And here you are, all ready for me."

You swear your skin is flushed from head to toe, your heart racing, as you watch him set down his bag, take off his hat, and then very deliberately unbuckle his holster, the slap and slide of the leather loud in the quiet of the room as he removes it and lays it down on the table.

Watching you intently, he dangles his metal handcuffs from one finger.

"Still wondering what I can do with these in the bedroom?"

Your mouth is so dry you struggle to speak, the insistent pulse beating between your legs making it even more difficult to concentrate on forming an answer. In the end you just nod, your eyes still locked with his.

"You trust me?" He asks softly, and you realise that you do, despite the tricks your mind might play on you from time to time.

"Yes." You manage, "I trust you."

"Come here."

You take a step towards him on slightly shaky legs, and he reaches out with his free hand and cups the back of your head, bringing you in for a slow kiss, your body lightly grazing his, the starched khaki of his uniform against your bare skin making you even more aware of

your nakedness.

As the kiss deepens, Hopper's hand that isn't in your hair traces along your arm, travelling to where your fingers are gripping his bicep, and then you suddenly feel cold metal against your wrist, and with a whimper of realisation look down to see it braceleted by his cuffs.

"Good girl," He murmurs, lips teasing yours back into the kiss you hadn't realised you'd broken, before his other hand releases your head and moves to take your free hand, and before you know it he's holding both of your hands in front of your body, and the remaining cuff is snapping around your bare wrist.

He breaks the kiss this time, taking a small step back to look at you, and you see yourself through his eyes, naked and cuffed, your lips swollen from kissing, your hair mussed, and your juices dewing your inner thighs.

"Holy fuck." His hand shakes as he runs it over his head, his pupils so dilated you can barely see the blue of his irises, his voice almost a growl as he says, "Please tell me you're good with this?"

Seeing how turned on he is quells the hint of nervousness in your belly, allowing it to be replaced by pure desire. Hopper always makes you feel good, but you have a sense that tonight is going to be off the scale.

"I'm good." You tell him, your voice high and breathy, "Please, Jim..."

And with that, he throws you over his shoulder, cuffed hands flopping helplessly, and carries you to the bedroom, dropping you onto the bed before you've even fully registered what just happened.

"Did you just caveman me?" You ask in shock, and he barks out a laugh.

"I didn't club you over the head." He points out. "Now hold still."

He's laid you the wrong way on the bed, your feet towards the headboard, but the reason quickly becomes clear, because while the headboard is solid wood, the bottom of the bed has a low wooden rail across it. He leans over you, guiding your hands over your head, and briefly releases one wrist so he can hook the chain of the cuffs around the rail, before resecuring them. You give an experimental tug, and realise that you're absolutely tethered. For a second, you feel a flash of panic, but then your eyes meet Hopper's. He wouldn't hurt you, you know it.

"You wanna stop, we stop." He tells you seriously. You swallow hard, and then shake your head. Giving up control, letting him take charge, it's a risk you want to take.

"That's my girl." He bends down and kisses you, "Trust me, baby."

Your eyes follow him as he strips off his uniform, almost forgetting that you're cuffed to the bed as you take the opportunity to appreciate his fine form. He's so big and powerful, so unapologetically masculine, just the sight of him has you unconsciously pressing your thighs together to try to relieve some of the desperate ache between your legs.

He smirks a little, "Like what you see, baby?"

"God, yes."

"Not a patch on you..." He traces his eyes slowly up and down your body, making you squirm a little, "Beautiful." He reaches out a hand and traces it from the side of your waist upwards, pausing to circle your nipple, before stroking along your arm all the way up to where you're cuffed. "Never be able to look at my handcuffs in the same way again."

He climbs onto the bed, straddling your thighs, and plants a slow kiss on your lips. Somehow you'd expected this to be fast and filthy, and while you still expect that's coming, this slow tease is almost unbearably arousing in its own way. Hopper's lips move along your jaw, down your neck, his tongue traces your collarbone, and you whine as you instinctively try to move your hands to touch him, and realise that you can't. He lets out a little huff of breath that could almost have been a chuckle, and then closes his lips around one of your nipples, and sucks hard.

The unexpected force makes your pussy clench and a cry leave your mouth, and he glances up at you, his mouth still on your breast, before he does it again.

This time your back arches, and words fall from your lips, "Please, oh god, please..."

He keeps his eyes on yours as he moves to give your other breast the same treatment, and you mewl at the hint of pain that accompanies the pleasure. Your skin is burning, sweat breaking out on your forehead, and where your thighs are pressed together, imprisoned by his knees on either side, you're impossibly wet.

He rises up suddenly, pushing your legs apart and moving to kneel between them, and you feel your juices trickle down your inner thigh. You watch as Hopper glances down at your centre, and see him suck in a breath.

"You're so fucking ready for me, aren't you, baby?"

His dick is throbbing hard, and you gasp out a positive response, but instead of thrusting into you as you expect, he shuffles back and drops his head, licking through your dripping folds before focussing in on your clit.

"Jim!" The handcuffs scrape against the rail as your body arches, the slight burn at your shoulder joints mingling with the aching tension between your legs and the pressure building under Hopper's tongue. It's all just overwhelming sensation, and your climax rushes though you before you've even realised what's happening, stealing your breath and leaving you rasping as you try to articulate his name.

"God, you're perfect." His own voice is little more than a rasp as he lifts his head and looks up at you from between your legs. "Can you take me like this?"

"Yes!" Your climax has only made you more desperate to feel him inside you, to feel him take his own pleasure from your tethered body.

Then his hands are on your waist and without warning he flips you onto your stomach, the chain of the handcuffs turning and tightening over the rail, leaving you bound even more restrictively.

"Like this?" He checks, and you gasp out your response.

"Just do it, Jim, please..."

He pulls your thighs further apart, and you feel his hands grip your hips, then he thrusts into you with such force that you're shifted a few inches up the bed. He doesn't hold back, his hips moving hard and fast, and you realise just how much iron control he must have been exerting while he teased you. It's all gone now, and you revel in it, even as your wrists burn from the cuffs, and your thighs ache from being spread so wide. None of that matters when the tightness is growing again in your belly, your skin's tingling, and Hopper's reaching places inside you with his deep, powerful thrusts that you swear no one else ever has.

"Gimme one more, baby..." His hand pushes under you, his fingers strumming roughly over your clit, and it's just enough to overload your hypersensitive body and send another crashing wave through

you, your pussy clenching around his dick, making him groan out pleased curses as his hips drive falteringly once, twice, more and then still as he pumps you full of his release.

For a few moments, the only sounds in the room are both of your gasping breaths as you try to suck down enough air to regain the powers of movement and speech. You feel completely boneless, shattered, as though the pleasure that ripped through you took everything else with it as it ebbed.

"Here, sweetheart." Hopper's fumbling with the cuffs at your wrists, and as he releases them you feel the cramping tingle of blood rushing into your arms and hands. He lays beside you, gently rubbing your wrists, and you manage to turn onto your side so you can face him, your mouth curving into a slight smile as you see the intense look of care and concern on his face.

"M'alright, Jim." You let out a giggle, "Better than alright."

"You're fucking perfect." His eyes meet yours, his hands still on your wrists, "I'm worried I hurt you."

"You didn't." You flex your shoulders, wincing a little, and bring your arms down so you can see for yourself. Your wrists are red, but there's no abrasions or bruises. "See?"

He lifts your hands to his face and kisses each wrist in turn, "Okay." His frown clears a little and he flops back onto the bed, pulling you close.

"I think you killed me." You tell him hazily, "I think I died and went to heaven."

He lets out a chuckle, "If there's one thing I know, it's that heaven doesn't look like Hawkins, Indiana."

You snuggle closer and he wraps his arms around you. You're both sweaty and sticky, but too at peace to even think about moving for now.

"I wasn't talking about Hawkins," You explain, kissing his chest, "I was just talking about here."

"Okay baby." His voice is a little slurred, and your eyes are closing as he adds, "Heaven can be this bed, with you."

Notes for the Chapter:

So... do I want to know what you think? Of course I do! Tell me in the comments.

Thank you for reading,

DoB x

13. Chapter 13

Notes for the Chapter:

A little breather after all that smutty smut...

After dozing for a little while, Hopper's rumbling stomach stirs you both into action, and you take a shower while he orders pizza. As you carefully wash yourself down, paying particular attention to your sticky thighs and tender wrists, you can't help smiling. When you moved to Hawkins, you were expecting to hide away a little, to heal, and then maybe to find a few friends and build a modest social life, but you honestly hadn't even thought about dating. And now there's Hopper, and after only a short time it feels like you're already pretty serious. It probably ought to scare the hell out of you, but weirdly it really doesn't. Instead you're just eager to spend more time with him, to keep getting to know him, to see where this thing between you can go.

The bathroom door opens, interrupting your thoughts, and a still naked Hopper walks straight over and joins you under the spray, wrapping his arms around your waist.

"Pizza will be here in twenty minutes. You need help with your hair?"

"All done," You tell him with a smile, reaching up to kiss his cheek.

"I'd offer to help with yours, but I could barely reach even without sore shoulders."

He frowns with concern, "You're hurt?"

"No, honestly, just a little sore." You try to reassure him.

"I'll rub them for you later." He promises, his forehead still a little creased.

You decide not to argue, "That would be nice, thank you."

"You don't have to thank me for taking care of you." He tells you, and you feel a pang in your chest.

An hour later, you're almost purring as you sit on a pillow on the floor, nestled between Hopper's thighs as he sits behind you on the couch and massages your shoulders while you both watch TV. You're wearing another of his flannel shirts over just your underwear, your bare legs stretched out in front of you, and your belly is pleasantly full of pizza.

"This show is terrible. They're terrible cops." Hopper comments.

"And the music sucks." You agree, "I think I actually hate Miami Vice."

"I definitely hate Miami Vice."

"Then why are we watching it?" You ask.

"Because I'm too comfortable to move." He answers, squeezing your shoulders, and you hum in agreement.

When you eventually force yourselves to move from the couch and go to bed, Hopper cuddles you close under the blankets as you share lazy kisses. You feel a gentle buzz of arousal, but at the same time your limbs and eyelids are heavy. He obviously feels the same way, because after a few more kisses, he rolls onto his back, guiding your head to pillow on his shoulder, his arms still cradling you.

"Sleep, baby." He kisses your hair, his voice already slurred with sleep, "Love you."

Your eyes snap open, but the next thing you hear is a snore.

Surely he didn't say what you thought you heard, you rationalise. It must have been something else, or just a sleepy noise that you misinterpreted. You've only known each other a couple of weeks, you've barely started dating and okay, the dating has become very domestic and very intimate pretty much straight away, but... love? You force yourself to close your eyes and relax your muscles. Either you misheard, or Hopper was having one of those half awake dream states and thought he was talking to someone else, his ex-wife maybe, or his mom. Either way, he doesn't love you, just like you don't love him. It's way too soon for any of that. But as you drift into sleep, you find yourself briefly imagining a future where you're the woman Jim Hopper loves, and it's a future you'd really like to have.

You wake up to banging on the front door, and Hopper's already out of bed and on alert before you've managed to pull yourself up to a seated position.

"Stay there." He tells you, and you watch as he moves to the window, his body tense. You realise you're seeing him in cop mode, and something about it thrills you even as nerves constrict your throat. A glance at the clock on the nightstand tells you it's barely 6am, no knock on the door can be good news at this hour.

"It's Cal." You see a little of the tension leave Hopper's body, "He's one

of my officers. Stay there, I'll go talk to him."

He leaves the room, and you do as you're told, sitting in the middle of the bed wearing his shirt, still a little foggy from sleep. You'd been looking forward to a lazy morning with Hopper, to making breakfast, to making love... Oh holy hell, when did you start thinking of it as making love?

Hopper comes back into the room, interrupting your thoughts, and perches on the edge of the bed. His face is serious, his energy tense, but he still manages to gently stroke your hair back in a brief caress.

"I have to go." He tells you, "Something happened and they need me there. I'm sorry." He looks at you intently, "If I had a choice, I wouldn't go." He smiles briefly, "I was going to wake you up in a very different way to this."

You swallow, trying not to feel disappointed. "Go." You tell him, "I understand. Just-" You take a breath, making sure your voice remains calm and steady, "Just be careful. Stay safe, Jim, please."

His face softens, "I'll be careful, I promise."

Within five minutes he's dressed in his uniform and ready to go, and with one brief kiss and a promise to call you as soon as he can, he's gone. And you're left standing in the middle of the trailer's main room, staring at the front door and wondering what the hell happened in sleepy little Hawkins that necessitated the Chief of Police being tracked down and hauled out of bed at 6am. After all, this is the kind of place where nothing like that is supposed to happen.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yup, strange things are afoot in Hawkins! This is basically how I justify ignoring season 3 (no offence, it just doesn't fit this story), so stay tuned...

Also, how do we feel about a chapter from Hopper's POV? Yes? No? I'm easy either way, let me know what you think!

Thank you all so much for reading and commenting, it absolutely makes my day every time I see a comment from you guys!

DoB x

14. Chapter 14

Notes for the Chapter:

Angst, fluff, you know the drill... definitely a return to smut in the next chapter though, don't worry!

In the absence of anything better to do, you get dressed - although you slip Hopper's shirt straight back on over your shorts and tank top, because the smell is comforting - and set about doing some chores. It's not that you're really worried, exactly, just disconcerted. However, as the morning wears on and you don't hear from Hopper, worry starts to set in. Realising that you haven't eaten anything since last night's pizza, you force down a couple of slices of toast, then adopt your favourite coping mechanism by reaching for your guitar. Laying out a blanket on your favourite spot by the lake, you soon find the music soothing your racing mind, but it doesn't stop you hoping that you'll be interrupted by the phone ringing, or even better by one of Hopper's impromptu visits.

Instead, you're interrupted by an earthquake. Except, your muddled brain tells you as you instinctively cling to the shaking ground, you're not in California any more, this is Indiana. The quake only lasts for around twenty seconds or so, but it's enough to make you queasy and scared. And then your fear increases as you see a huge plume of dark, dense smoke rising in the distance. It's not a mushroom cloud, thank God, but you start to wonder if it's possible that the quake was caused by some sort of explosion. And then you put two and two together and make Hopper, and almost puke on the grass.

Your first instinct is to ring the station, but even though you have Hopper's direct line, of course all you get is the busy signal. Half of Hawkins must be trying to reach the police after that quake. You think about driving into town, but you know that would be irresponsible. The best thing you can do is wait, either for a news report or Hopper's call, even if waiting might drive you crazy. Then you suddenly remember something, lunging for the kitchen drawer and grabbing the walkie Hopper gave you when your phone was out. Your fingers tremble as you turn it to the right frequency like he showed you, but all you get is dead air. Frantically, you search

through the channels, trying to find someone broadcasting, but only find static. Then, finally, a voice, faint and set against heavy background noise.

"-caught... blast..." It's a male voice, a little agitated, and it sounds like he's reporting in to someone.

You try fiddling with the settings to get cleaner reception, but it only makes the transmission quality worse.

"On way... hospital now..." Maybe it's a paramedic? The fire department must be involved in whatever this incident is.

Then a female voice comes over the radio, much more clearly, and shockingly familiar.

"Repeat that, Cal. Who's been hurt?"

"The chief... knocked... blast..." And then the transmission cuts out entirely.

Your whole body is shaking, and there's a buzzing in your ears. The woman's voice was definitely the one you remember from Hopper's radio, the one who interrupted your first kiss, which means you found a police channel, and the chief they were talking about has to be Hopper. Your stomach gives a lurch and you turn and throw up in the sink. Wiping a hand automatically over your mouth, you take a deep, wobbly breath, and grab your car keys.

The drive to the hospital is a blur. As you've never been there before, you have to rely on road signs, and you take a couple of wrong turns, but all you can do is chant under your breath, *he's going to be fine, he's going to be fine...* You can't believe - don't want to believe - that the universe could give you a man like Jim Hopper, then snatch him away again after such a short time. And yet you keep dwelling on his sleepy words of the night before. Maybe that was some sort of sick consolation prize, that he tells you he loves you right before he... No, you can't let yourself think it. You just can't.

The hospital seems eerily calm. You'd somehow expected scores of ambulances, hundreds of wounded, but aside from a few minor injuries in the emergency room that look like they're from the quake, there's no sign that a major incident has occurred.

"Hopper, Chief Jim Hopper." You tell the nurse on reception, trying not to sound too frantic, even though your shaking hands must betray you, "They said they were bringing him here."

She looks at you over her glasses, "And you are?"

You swallow, "His girlfriend." You say as firmly as you can manage. You know all about the family-only rule, but you're hoping small town gossip will work in your favour on this one. If not, you'll search the damn place top to bottom until you find him anyway.

The nurse gives you another long look, and then raises her eyebrows, "I heard the rumours but I didn't believe them. You're the woman in the trailer?"

You look at her in disbelief, "What? I mean, yes, but-"

"Well, it's about damn time. How you put up with his grumpy ass, I don't know, but if it cheers that man up..."

"But is he here?" You ask urgently.

"Sure is. They're checking him over now, he was complaining as much as ever-"

"What?" You find yourself on the verge of tears. It doesn't sound like Hopper's on the brink of death, at least, "I thought-"

"Cal brought him in. How that boy became a police officer-"

"Can I see him?" The tears spill over, and the nurse finally seems to register your distress.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. Of course you can. Cubicle three, just down there." She indicates beyond the waiting room, and you walk on shaking legs past the clusters of chairs and through a set of double doors, then past the first two curtained off cubicles to a third, where the curtains are partially open and a familiar voice is speaking.

"Just stitch me up clean, doc, got to stay pretty for my girl."

"Jim?" Your voice emerges as a squeak, and as you find the edge of the curtain and finally set eyes on him, your legs almost give out.

"Baby?" He's sat on the edge of the bed, his uniform a little dirty and dusty looking, but otherwise he seems intact. As soon as he sees you he stands, stepping forward to catch you as you stumble. "What the hell are you doing here? You're not hurt, are you?"

"Oh my god, oh my god, I thought-" You press your hands against his solid chest, checking that he's real, "I thought you might be-"

"I'm fine, just got knocked off my feet by the blast. Wouldn't have even come here if I didn't need to stop this cut bleeding into my eye-"

He flicks his gaze upwards and you register the gash across his forehead and eyebrow that the doctor had clearly been stitching before your interruption. "How did you know I was here?"

"The radio, the walkie you gave me, I heard... After the quake, I tried

to call you, and then..." The adrenaline has you babbling, "They said... I thought you..." And then you lose the battle against the sob fighting its way up from your chest.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa." He looks at the doctor, "Give us a minute, would you, doc?"

The medic nods and steps outside, drawing the curtain shut behind him, and Hopper pulls you into his arms.

"It's okay, baby. I'm sorry you were scared."

"I thought you were going to die." The words break free against your will as you tip your head back to look up at him, "And we've only just..."

"I know, I know." He kisses your forehead, keeping one arm tight around you as he wipes your tears from your cheeks with his thumb.

"It's okay, though. Not dead, see?"

"I'm not normally like this," You mutter, relief starting to give way to embarrassment.

"Aw, really? I kind of like you wanting me alive." He shoots you a grin, and to your amazement, you start to laugh.

"Chief? Everything okay?" Another police officer pokes his head through the curtain and Hopper fixes him with a stern gaze.

"Cal, did you happen to tell Flo that I got blown up?"

"Er... well, not quite... I..."

"Get on the radio, tell Flo I'm fine, and know that I will have your ass if you've worried anyone else for no damn reason like you did my girl."

Officer Callahan looks at you for the first time, then back at Hopper, then nods and flees.

"I swear to god..." Hopper mutters under his breath, then he sees you trying to hide a smile. "What?"

"That's the second time you've called me your girl."

"What am I supposed to call you? Am I being sexist? Are there different rules on the west coast?"

You can't stop laughing, "No, I'm just fine being your girl, girlfriend, whatever."

"Good." He raises a hand to his forehead and winces, "Better let the doc get finished here."

"Jim, what actually happened?" You ask, "It felt like an earthquake."

"You know the Starcourt mall?"

"Yeah..."

"Well, it's not there any more. Swallowed completely by an underground gas explosion."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. Lucky they identified the risk and closed the place this morning before anyone could get hurt. That's why they hauled me out there."

"But-"

"Feds are there now." He interrupts. "I'm leaving it to them, this time." Then he leans forward and brushes a soft kiss over your lips. "Come on, let's get the doc back in here. I want to get out of this place."

Hopper insists on you sitting next to him on the bed while the doctor finishes stitching him up. He keeps your hand in his, and although his fingers tighten slightly when each stitch goes in, he seems weirdly relaxed.

"Good to go?" He checks when the doctor's finished with him.

"Yes," The doctor confirms, "But since this is a head injury, you need to be monitored for twenty four hours. As there's no indications of concussion, you can do that at home if there's a competent adult to keep an eye on you." His gaze falls on you.

Hopper turns to you too, and raises an eyebrow. "Feeling competent, beautiful?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeah, so that's how I erase season 3! Seriously, when I started writing this one I wasn't planning it to be such a long fic, but now it is (and I want to keep going - you guys want me to keep going, right?), the timeline was about to run right into season 3. So now season 3 never happens, and we get to finish summer, send reader and El to school, enjoy tons more Hopper smut... you get the picture!

Thanks for reading you guys, I love you all. Oh, and much smut in the next chapter, promise!

DoB x

15. Chapter 15

Notes for the Chapter:

This one felt tricky, but as promised, some smut and some major fluff ahead!

While Hopper calls El, who's apparently at her boyfriend's house with her friends, you duck into a washroom to splash your face with water and brush your teeth. Your face in the mirror is pale, and your hair is a mess even after you try to tame it, but you figure Hopper's seen you looking worse. You're still on an adrenaline rollercoaster as you walk back to your car, this time with Hopper firmly holding your hand, his thumb rubbing back and forth over your skin.

"The kids barely noticed the quake, according to Mrs Wheeler," He updates you, "It wasn't as strong in town, and they're absorbed in some game. She's happy to have El stay over tonight."

"You're letting her stay over at her boyfriend's?" You raise an eyebrow - he's already told you how much he dislikes his daughter's teenage romance.

"I'm letting her stay over in her boyfriend's sister's room, on condition that if her boyfriend goes within ten feet of her after dark, I'll kill him and bury the body somewhere no one will find it."

You let out a shocked laugh, "And you said that to his mother?!"

"Well, maybe not exactly." He shoots you a quick grin.

When you get to the car, he holds out his hand for the keys, and you laugh in disbelief.

"You are not driving. Head wound!"

"You're not driving," He counters, "Your hands are shaking."

"It's just the adrenaline!"

"Doc said no sign of concussion." He points out.

"It's my car!" You try.

"And I'll drive it." He's half smiling, and you have to fight back a sudden urge to giggle.

"You will not. You're not insured."

"I'm Chief of Police, baby."

"Oh, I'm sorry," You sass, "How could I forget, *Chief Hopper*-"

And suddenly you find yourself pinned against the side of the car,

while Hopper kisses the life out of you.

"Call me that again." He murmurs against your lips.

"Oh really, is this how you like to win arguments, *Chief*?" You try to keep your voice steady, despite your racing pulse and damp panties.

He half laughs, half growls, and then kisses you again. "Sometime soon I'm going to put you back in handcuffs while you call me Chief all night long." He tells you, his blue eyes darkened with desire, "But for right now, I don't give a fuck who drives as long as we get back to the trailer before I give in and rip your damn clothes off right here."

You swallow hard, "You drive."

He grins suddenly, "And *that's* how I like to win arguments."

The drive back with Hopper at the wheel is admittedly much faster and more direct than your route on the way, and neither of you talk much. He keeps a hand on your thigh, squeezing from time to time, occasionally letting his fingers wander just a little closer to the hem of your shorts, teasing you mercilessly. When you arrive home, he grabs your hand again as soon as you're both out of the car, and hurries you towards the trailer. The second you make it through the door, he traps you against the wall and captures your lips with his, kissing you fiercely.

"Wait, wait-" Your common sense is definitely fighting a losing battle with your need for him, but you try anyway, "Are you sure you're safe to do this?"

He pins your hands against the wall, and scrapes his beard against the delicate skin of your neck before sucking a kiss there. "No concussion," He traces your collarbone with his tongue, "Just four stitches in a minor laceration," He plants a kiss at the point where your shirt - well, technically his shirt - meets the top of your breast, "And you came to the goddamn hospital for me..." He lifts his head and looks you right in the eye, "So you should just be happy I didn't do this in the ER."

This time when his mouth meets yours, you don't complain at all, instead wrapping your arms around his neck the second he releases your hands, and holding on tight as he hoists you up and keeps kissing you as he carries you to the bedroom.

"Clothes off." He orders as he drops you on the bed, and his own dusty and dirty clothes hit the floor as you fling your shorts and shirt off, quickly followed by your underwear. As soon as you're both

naked, he covers your body with his, kissing you hard as you grab at him, winding your legs and arms around him, trying to get as close as you can, every glorious touch reassuring you that he's okay, that nothing really bad happened, that you have more time. And yet as close as you are, it's still not close enough.

"Need you inside me, Jim, please..." You gasp between kisses, trying to shift your hips to bring him where you need him.

"You sure?" He bites down on your earlobe, "Not sure I can go slow..."

"Now!" You demand, and he complies immediately, his thrust opening you, creating a stretch that carries the slightest bite of pain, but far more pleasure.

"You're mine," He husks into your ear, "Aren't you?"

"God, yes, yes..." You moan helplessly as he sets a demanding rhythm, your hips rocking into his thrusts, your body strung tight from adrenaline and desire.

"That's my girl." He groans, "Fuck, baby, not gonna last..." He's taking you so hard that the headboard sounds like it might actually break through the wall.

"Don't want you to." You gasp, "Come in me, want to feel you..."

"Jesus... fuck!" His hips falter and he lets out a yell as he buries himself deep and fills you.

You're still gasping as he pulls out, hastily moving down the bed and dropping his head between your legs, his lips fastening over your clit and sucking hard, jolting you closer to the edge. Then his teeth graze your sensitive bud, and that's enough to make you release a cry of your own, every muscle in your body contracting before fire sweeps through your veins and washes all of the tension away, leaving you breathless and exhausted.

The next thing you feel is the lightest feathering of a kiss against your shoulder, another against your jaw, and then one against your temple. You force your eyes open to see Hopper looking down at you with a tender expression on his face that makes tears immediately well up in your eyes.

"You came to find me. In the hospital." He says, and you nod. "Why?"

"Because..." You start, and then a pang of fear stops you finishing the sentence.

"Because?" He asks gently, kissing your cheekbone this time.

"Because I couldn't bear the thought of never seeing you again." You

blurt, which wasn't what you were originally going to say, but is still true and still feels risky.

"Why?" His lips brush your eyebrow, then your hairline.

"Why were you so happy about it?" You counter, a little defensively.

"Nuh uh." He pulls back just a little and meets your eyes again, "Tell me."

"No, you tell me."

"I told you last night." He says softly, "Right before we fell asleep."

"What?" Your voice is a croak, "You mean-"

"I'm guessing you did hear me, then." His smile is kind of tentative, and if you didn't know better, you'd think big tough Hopper looked a little... scared.

"We've only known each a couple of weeks." You point out, still not quite believing he's saying what he is.

"Yeah, I know." You watch as the shutters start to come down, his face hardening, and you hurry to stop that happening.

"I'm falling in love with you, Jim." You finally admit, and a smile spreads across his face.

"You are?"

"I really am." Your cheeks are burning, your heart pounding, but as Hopper wraps you up in his arms and kisses you, you feel strangely at peace.

When he gently pulls back, you brace yourself for more revelations, but instead he smirks slightly.

"Do we have any of that pizza left?"

You burst out laughing, and it takes a moment before you can answer, "Yes, it's in the fridge."

"I'm starving." He tells you, "And I need a shower," And then he gives you a dirty grin, "And since you're supposed to be keeping an eye on me, you'll have to be in there too..."

Notes for the Chapter:

Yeah, it's moving fast, but sometimes relationships are like that... Stay tuned for the long awaited meeting with El, and inevitably more fluff, smut and angst! Oh, yeah, and that promised second round of handcuffs will have to happen at some point!

Thanks for reading, you guys are the best.

DoB x

16. Chapter 16

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry for the long delay, work is really busy right now and this lockdown stuff has been getting to me, to be honest. But writing the little one shot yesterday got me out of my writing funk, so now I'm back in this story!

As promised, Reader finally meets El...

You do join Hopper in the shower, and eat cold leftover pizza afterwards, and quickly discover that his definition of you monitoring him seems to be that you're within a foot of him at all times. It should feel claustrophobic, really - you've lived alone for a long time - but actually the twenty four hours in each other's company is blissful. You watch movies together, you sit out on the porch, he urges you to play guitar for him, and sings along pretty tunelessly to a few old songs. You fall asleep on the couch, then wake up as Hopper carries you to the bedroom, where he makes you come with his fingers twice before he gives in to your pleas and slides inside you, bringing you to a third climax as he surrenders to his own. And then, of course, you sleep tangled up with him in sweaty sheets, and wake up to his kisses.

In the days that follow, you see each other less, of course, because he's working and parenting, but you meet for lunch a couple of times, and talk on the phone at least once a day. He does drop by one afternoon because he's passing on the way back to the station after a call out, but there's only time for a few brief kisses by his car. Still, it's not like your life revolves around Hopper. You complete your lesson planning for the first few weeks of the upcoming semester, meet Joyce for coffee, and do yoga by the lake. You even go to the plant nursery and make a start on a tiny herb garden.

And so Saturday arrives before you know it, and with it your breakfast date with Hopper and El. After agonising over what to wear - and eventually picking out a cotton sundress and sandals that of course you start to second guess as soon as you leave the house -

you're horrified to realise that you're running late. When you park outside the diner, you can immediately see Hopper through the window, presumably sitting with his daughter. You have to take a few deep breaths before you can manage to leave the car, and when you do, your legs are shaking. It's one thing being around kids all day at school, but you've never dated anyone with a child before, and the way you feel about Hopper, the stakes on this are high; basically, you need El to at least be able to tolerate you.

Hopper stands as soon as you walk through the door, and you head over to his table slowly, wondering how he'll play this. To your surprise, he greets you with a kiss, his hands on your waist and his lips meeting yours for a good few seconds longer than a peck.

"Hey, sweetheart." He turns towards the table, still keeping a hand on your waist. "This is my daughter, Jane, we call her El."

Hopper's adopted daughter looks up at you, her expression neutral. She's pretty, with her dark hair and pale skin, and when you try out a smile, she gives you the ghost of one in return.

"Hi." You greet her, and introduce yourself.

"Hello." She replies.

Hopper slides into the seat opposite El's, and pats the seat next to him. "Sit down, baby. You want coffee?"

"Please."

The waitress comes over and pours coffee for both you and Hopper, and you notice that El already has what looks like a milkshake in front of her.

"Chocolate?" You ask, and she nods. "As far as I'm concerned, there is no other flavour." You tell her, and she gives you another little smile.

"What are you having for breakfast?" You ask next.

"Pancakes. Syrup."

"You ever have them with fresh strawberries?" You ask, "That was my favourite when I lived in San Francisco."

She shakes her head. "Syrup." She repeats.

"Oh, yeah, syrup too. And whipped cream. You do the cream first, then the strawberries, then the syrup. Although a friend of mine used to use melted chocolate instead of syrup."

El's eyes have lit up, and she's nodding along to your words.

"That sounds way too sweet." Hopper comments, and both you and El look at him in disbelief.

"It's amazing." You tell him firmly, and El giggles a little.

"You can make it for me sometime, prove me wrong?" He suggests, and you take a breath before replying.

"I could make it for both of you, if you like?" You watch for El's reaction, and to your relief and happiness, she nods.

"Yes. Please." She replies, and you try not to grin too widely.

Breakfast goes pretty well, all in all. El answers your questions about the upcoming school year, which Hopper has already told you will be her first. It seems her group of friends that you saw her with before are all in her grade, so she's got a good social circle already. You do wonder how she'll get on with her stilted speech, but she clearly understands more than she speaks, and from what Joyce has told you, she's come on leaps and bounds since Hopper first took her in. You make a mental note to talk to him about additional support the school might be able to offer.

El seems to be most amused when you gently tease Hopper, and you guess she hasn't seen this sort of relationship dynamic before. For his part, Hopper gamely accepts that you and El are quickly forming a sweet tooth bond, and although he grimaces when you conspire to order the sugariest things on the menu, he doesn't try to stop you. He eats his own eggs and bacon with one hand while keeping the other on your thigh, and as soon as the waitress clears the plates, he wraps an arm around your shoulders.

"I go to the arcade now?" El asks soon after, and Hopper glances at you before replying.

"We said after breakfast, kid."

El furrows her brow slightly. "Breakfast is over."

You don't want to interfere, but you do stroke Hopper's thigh under the table.

He sighs, "Okay. What time am I picking you up?"

She smiles sweetly and looks at the clock over the counter, which shows it's just past eleven. It takes her a few seconds before replying,

"Six?"

"You want to spend seven hours at the arcade?"

"With friends." She counters.

"Okay, fine." He relents. "Six. Outside the arcade. Don't be late, okay?"

"Okay." She jumps up from the table. "Bye." She says to Hopper, then

turns to you. "Pancakes with strawberries?"

"Mm hmm." You reply, wondering what exactly she's asking.

"Next time. Saturday." She nods, and before you can reply, she gives you a smile and a half wave and hurries towards the door.

You wait until she's gone before collapsing back into your chair with a huge sigh of relief. Hopper grins.

"She likes you."

"You think?"

"She invited us to your house for breakfast next weekend."

"Good point." You lean against him. "She's unique, isn't she?"

"Yup." He replies, tightening his arm around you. "I worry about her in school."

"Trust me, as long as she has friends around her, she'll be fine." You assure him. "I can tell you that from years of teaching kids that age."

"Good to know." He kisses your temple. "What do you want to do this afternoon?"

"Swim naked in the lake?" You offer, and he laughs.

"Yeah, okay. Very funny."

"I'm serious!" You try, but you can't help your lips twitching.

"How about I agree to naked, but not in public?"

"I'll take that compromise." You agree.

It's been almost a week since you and Hopper have had any proper time alone together, and as you drive back to the trailer, watching his car following behind you in your rear view mirror, you're already fighting an ache between your thighs. You can't wait to feel him there, whether that's his fingers, his mouth... you honestly don't care. You just need his touch, your skin tingling in anticipation.

Hopper clearly feels the same way, because you're barely out of your respective cars before he pulls you into his arms in front of the trailer and kisses you hard.

"Get inside," He mutters against your lips, "Or this is going to happen on the hood of your car."

"Promises, promises..."

He growls, and grabs your hand, pulling you towards the house.

"Inside, now."

As soon as you set foot in the trailer, Hopper kicks the door shut and kisses you again. You stumble towards the couch, lips locked

together, and you wind up in the familiar position of him sitting on the couch with you straddling his lap.

His hand moves straight under the hem of your dress, and you retaliate by immediately attacking the button fly of his jeans. You're not sure if it's the release of tension after meeting El, the fact that you haven't been this close to him for a week, or just the effect Hopper has on you, but you need him right now.

"Fuck..." He groans as you push your hand inside his boxers and encircle his length. His thumb pushes against your clit through the increasingly wet cotton of your panties, and you lift yourself up a little, moving closer. Hopper meets your eyes, and you see your need mirrored in his gaze.

"Yes." You murmur in answer to his unasked question, and he pulls your panties to the side so that you can sink down onto him. The stretch makes you gasp, and he circles his thumb on your clit, kissing you as you get used to the feeling of him inside you again, slight discomfort quickly replaced by pleasure.

"I missed you." You tell him, your voice breathy as you slowly start to move.

"Missed you too, baby. Missed this..." He hooks a hand behind your neck and pulls you in for another kiss.

It's so rare for you to be in control, and usually you love surrendering to him, but you can't deny there's something intoxicating about being able to set the pace, taking it slow and steady as you sink down and take him deep before raising yourself up again, teasing him a little as your skin tingles and heat gathers in your centre. You know that if he wanted to, he could take back control in a heartbeat, and you love that he chooses not to, letting you have your fun. As you increase the pace a little, rocking on him, he presses his lips to your neck, your jaw, before whispering in your ear.

"You feel so good, baby. So fucking tight and wet."

You whimper, his dirty words making your pussy clench around him.

"Yeah, just like that." He breathes, his thumb starting to rub harder on your clit.

"Jim..." Your rhythm falters, and he pushes up into you. The heat in your core is spreading to your limbs, and you know you won't last much longer. You stare into his eyes as you deliberately tighten around him again, and he groans.

"Fuck, baby, keep doing that, and..."

You do it again, "And?" You gasp.

He lifts his hips, using his hand on the back of your neck to push you down harder onto him, as he roughly thumbs your clit. "And I'll fill you so full you'll feel it for days." He rasps.

Your head tips back as your climax tears through you, leaving you gasping, his hand on your neck the only thing stopping you from falling backwards off the couch. He yanks you forward, wrapping his arms around you as he ruts up into you, drawing out your peak as he fills you with his release.

As little aftershocks send tingles across your skin, you consider hazily how nice it is to be able to stay resting on Hopper like this, your head laying on his shoulder, his hands gently stroking your back as your breathing slows. You kiss his neck, tasting the salty tang of sweat, and he lets out a raspy little chuckle.

"You okay, sweetheart?"

"Mm hmm." You snuggle closer, rocking your hips just slightly as you realise he's still inside you.

"Careful, gonna make a mess of my jeans as it is."

You'd almost forgotten that you're both still fully dressed, and you smile a little as you reply, "I'll put them in the washer for you."

"How about we put everything in the washer and go for that swim you wanted?"

You sit up, pushing back gently so you can look at him. "Are you serious?"

He grins at you, something almost boyish in his handsome face as he nods. "Screw it. I haven't been in that lake with a pretty girl since I was seventeen. Seems long overdue."

Notes for the Chapter:

Coming up next, a swim in the lake and some fluffiness I think...

Leave me a comment, let me know what you think of this story and how you're doing, I love writing for you guys!

DoB x

17. Chapter 17

Notes for the Chapter:

It's so good to be back in this story! Thank you for lovely comments about the last chapter. This one is kind of short and sweet - and fluffy!

Hopper loads your clothes into the washer dryer while you slip into a bright yellow bikini. For all your teasing about swimming naked, you figure he's still the Chief and you're still a teacher, so you ought to keep just a little propriety. Then he walks into the bedroom butt naked, and fixes you with a hard stare.

"What are you wearing?"

"A bikini." You tell him, frowning.

"You said, swim naked in the lake. That is not naked."

"You, Chief; me, teacher." You try.

"Land, private; water, deep." He counters.

"What if your little friend shows up with another emergency?" You point out.

He guffaws, "You think of Cal as my 'little friend'? Oh man, I'm loving that. But still, no dice. In the extremely unlikely event that anyone shows up, you just hide in the water."

"I'm not winning this one, am I?" You concede, trying not to grin.

"Nope. So get that suit off, 'cause the last one in the lake is getting a forfeit..."

Giggling, you take a beat and then sprint for the door, dummying around him as he shouts in surprise, and untying the strings of your bikini as you dash for the porch, and run down the steps and onto the grass. You can hear Hopper behind you, and you speed up as you cross the last few metres before plunging naked into the lake.

"Ha!" You shout as you turn in cool, waist deep water, "I win!"

Hopper's in the water now too, and he looks pointedly at your bare chest. "From where I'm standing, I think I win."

You laugh, and quickly duck down so you're up to your neck in the water. He makes a disappointed face, and you grin and shrug as you move out further into the lake. "Like you said, water, deep."

"So, what's my forfeit?" He asks, following you.

"Hmm." You pretend to be giving it some deep thought, "I think I'll take a kiss."

"Best forfeit ever." He moves close enough to take hold of your waist - even though you're treading water, he's tall enough to still be standing - and drops his head to kiss you chastely on the lips before pulling back.

"Is that it?" You pout a little.

"Oh, you want more?" He wraps his arms right around you and kisses you properly, his tongue parting your lips, and you can't help the little moan that escapes your throat as you hook your hands behind his neck. When he finally pulls back, he grins at you. "It's been a very long time since I made out with a girl at the lake."

"How long are we talking?"

"Told you, I would have been around seventeen."

"Oh, so a loooooong time ago." You tease, and he gently smacks your ass as best he can under the water.

"Be nice, baby."

"So, who were you making out with in the lake when you were seventeen?" You ask.

"Chrissy Carpenter." He leans back in the water and whistles, "Oh, she was a bad girl. Things we got up to in the back of her dad's Oldsmobile..."

You laugh, "You liked the bad girls, huh?"

"Yes I did. Can't lie, sweetheart." He grins.

"You would have loved me, then."

"You were a bad girl? I had you figured for an honours student." But he's smirking as he says it. "Who'd you fool around in the lake with?"

"Matt Bowman. He got kicked off the football team for smoking pot. Then he joined the Marine Corps. Last I heard he was stationed in Japan."

"You still get news from your high school?"

"My mom likes to tell me how well everyone who isn't me is doing. She lives in Florida now, but keeps in touch with everyone in Indiana - mainly so she can throw their careers and marriages and children in my face." You grimace. "I haven't told her I left San Francisco yet."

"Seriously?" He asks.

"She's a nightmare. Just trust me. I'll write to her when I'm ready."

His face turns serious, "Did you tell her about the stabbing?"

"Jesus, Jim, what is this?" You suddenly feel cornered, crossing your

arms over your bare chest under the water. "My family is complicated, okay?"

"Hey, hey." He lays his hands gently on your shoulders, "I'm sorry, I just hate the idea of you going through that alone."

Tears spring to your eyes, "Trust me, my mother would not have been a help. I was better on my own."

He pulls you back into his arms, "For the record, I would have been there in a heartbeat."

You look up at him, "I believe you." You laugh slightly, "I have no idea what I did to deserve you, but-"

"Stop." He says firmly. "You're smart, and funny, and strong, and kind, and really fucking pretty. If you want to start scoring this, you're ahead by a-"

It's your turn to interrupt, stopping him with a kiss before you say your part. "You want to talk about strong and kind? And smart, and funny, and so hot my panties get wet just thinking about you, let alone when you actually show up. You're amazing, Jim."

"So are you, sweetheart." He kisses you slowly, holding you close under the water, then grins, "And if you want to talk about what happens when I think about-"

"I love you." You blurt, your cheeks instantly flushing red as you realise what you've said.

"Is that right?" A slow smile spreads across his face, "I love you too, baby." And then he kisses you so long and deep that your head spins.

"Are we crazy?" You ask a few minutes later, when he finally lets you go.

"Maybe." He shrugs, "But I've done it the sensible way and that didn't work out too well, so I'll take crazy."

"I'll take crazy too." You tell him softly.

He looks right into your eyes as he smiles, "Just for the record, swimming in the lake with girls when I was seventeen did not involve declarations of love."

"You didn't love Chrissy Carpenter?"

He looks a little guilty, "I might have told her I did..."

"Oh my god!" You can't help laughing, "You were one of those asshole teenage boys, weren't you?"

"Aren't all teenage boys assholes?"

"Most of them." You concede.

"Did you love that Matt guy?"

"I did not. We didn't even really date, just fooled around for a few months until he dumped me for Clarice Fisher."

"I hate him." He says suddenly. "I feel a very strong urge to punch him in the face."

You laugh, "It was a long time ago. I'm over it."

"Good to know. I don't need the competition." He kisses you again.

"Want to get out of the water?"

"And go where?" You ask, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm thinking your bed, to be honest." He smirks.

"Tired?" You tease.

"Not even a little bit." He replies, before lifting you into his arms and starting for the shore, "Not even close."

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay you guys, serious question: you want the smut for this one, or you want me to move straight on with the story? Vote in the comments, please...

DoB xx

18. Chapter 18

Notes for the Chapter:

So work went insane, and I went a little insane, and writing definitely suffered... but I'm back. And I missed this story. So here's a short little chapter to get us back on track.

Hopper carries you all the way into the trailer, and through to the bedroom. You're both dripping lake water onto the floor as you go, but you really can't bring yourself to care. He sets you down on your feet beside the bed, and something about the way he looks at you makes you swallow hard, feeling almost nervous.

"You need a towel?" He asks softly, and you shake your head. "Need me?" He asks next, with a half smile.

"Yes." You answer immediately, and his lips meet yours before he lifts you once again, this time placing you on the bed.

Since you're both already naked, there are no barriers between you as you start to kiss, Hopper laying next to you, his hands stroking over your damp skin as he kisses you slowly and softly. It's unhurried, tender, your fingers pushing through his hair, then tracing over his back, exploring his skin as though you have all the time in the world. There's a growing heat between your thighs, but somehow you know that satisfaction will come in time. For now it's more important to just be close to each other.

"I love you." Hopper murmurs in your ear, before gently capturing your lobe between his lips, sending a shiver through your body.

"I love you too." You reply in a whisper, eagerly spreading your legs as he moves above you, kissing you again. His dick slides through your wet folds, and you gasp into his mouth.

"Too soon?" He asks, and you look up into his eyes, seeing tenderness and concern as well as the giveaway dilation of his pupils.

"No, I want you." You assure him, "But can we-"

"Take it slow?" He finishes for you, his mouth curving into that half smile that always slays you, "Was planning on it, sweetheart."

You don't question how he somehow read your mind, you just sigh with satisfaction as he slowly pushes inside you.

Everything is heightened like this, the brush of his fingers along your arm setting every nerve ending on fire, the feel of his beard rubbing your neck sending a shiver all the way through you. You arch helplessly as his big hand cups your ass, tilting your hips so he can slide even deeper into you as he continues a slow glide in and out that's the sweetest torment.

"So beautiful..." He murmurs, and all you can manage is a whimper in reply, your inner muscles clenching to try to keep him inside you. "It's okay..." His other hand strokes your hair back, angling your face so he can look into your eyes, "I got you, baby."

Your climax washes over you from nowhere, robbing you of breath and bringing unexpected tears to your eyes, and Hopper kisses you as his own body shudders and he spills himself inside you.

"Are you okay?" He asks softly, gently wiping the tears from your cheeks with his thumb as you blink your eyes open.

"Of course, I'm... I'm just..." And then you realise what it is you're feeling. "I'm happy."

He shakes his head slightly, chuckling, "Don't sound so surprised."

"No," You try to explain, "It's just... I really do love you. And that is so crazy, but-"

"It's not crazy." He tells you quietly. "I changed my mind about that. There's nothing crazy about it." He sighs and rolls onto his back, pulling you close. "I've seen things you wouldn't believe, baby. I've seen crazy. And this? This is not that."

"What do you mean, Jim?" You move onto your side, propping yourself up on one elbow so you can see his face.

He sighs again, "Joyce tell you about Will?"

"Her son?" You react in confusion, "Of course."

"No, I mean, she tell you what happened to him? When he went missing?"

"Jesus," You suck in a breath, a cold shiver running through you at the thought. "No, she hasn't-"

"Fuck." His mouth is set in a grim line. "This isn't the time or the place. I'm sorry, baby."

"Don't be sorry. Tell me."

He looks at you, "It's a fucked up story."

Your hand instinctively moves to the scars on your abdomen. "I've got a few of those too."

His face softens, "I know you do. That's why I shouldn't give you

more."

"No, it's why you should." You argue.

"Alright." He pulls you closer. "But you have to keep it to yourself, okay?"

"Sure, of course." For all that you're urging him to tell you, there's a knot in your stomach.

"Will went missing," He begins, "And right about the same time, we started getting reports of a mysterious kid being seen around. Then they find a body, Will's body."

You open your mouth to protest, but he shakes his head.

"It wasn't him, baby. There was a lab, Hawkins Lab, it's closed down now, but they faked the body to cover up what they were doing in there." He stops and you watch him swallow his emotion, "They were doing experiments on kids, on their brains. Mind control and-"

"Like the CIA?" You can't help asking.

"Yeah, exactly. And the kid, the kid that wasn't Will-"

"It was El, right?" You ask softly.

"It was El." He confirms. "That's how come she ended up with me."

"And you got Will out? Were there other kids?"

He hesitates, "We were too late to save one. She died before we knew what was going on."

"I'm so sorry." You whisper, horrified at the thought of what that must have felt like, to have been too late.

"So am I." He says grimly.

"But you got them? The lab guys?"

"They won't hurt anyone else." He confirms, then hesitates, "There were some stories, in the newspapers, not the whole truth, but it probably didn't reach the West Coast."

"If it did, I didn't see it." You reply. "Jim, I'm so sorry that happened. To you, to El, to Joyce and her family..."

"It brought me El." He says, "That's what I try to remember."

You cuddle closer to him on sheets that are still damp with lake water, and kiss his chest before resting your head there.

"We should take a shower." He says after a few moments.

"I know." You tell him, but neither of you moves.

"I love you, sweetheart." He says after another few moments of silence. "And it's not crazy."

"It's not crazy." You agree, and you mean it.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, it's not the whole truth, but Hopper's started to open up to Reader about Hawkins...

Not sure what's next, but strawberry pancakes with El are on the horizon!

Thanks for reading, and I hope you haven't all given up on me for my long breaks lately! I promise to try harder...

DoB xx

19. Chapter 19

Notes for the Chapter:

This is a bit of a long one. It's started off with story, then went all smutty. Sorry/not sorry...

Despite planning a date for Wednesday night, Hopper gets called out on a suspected arson case at a warehouse outside town, so it's a whole week before you see each other again. It doesn't mean you don't speak - the daily phone calls creep up to twice and occasionally even three times a day - but it's your Saturday breakfast with El that turns out to be the next time you're due to be in a room together. And that room just happens to be your kitchen, which is definitely not your preferred space.

It's not that you can't cook, exactly - you've kept yourself alive so far - it's more that cooking isn't your forte. And having bigged up your pancake credentials to El, you're determined not to fail. Which is tricky, because so far every practice run has ended in absolute and total failure, hence you now standing in Joyce's kitchen on Friday afternoon, getting an emergency pancake lesson.

"You're just panicking." Joyce tells you, as she takes the pan from you and expertly flips the pancake you've been struggling with for the last few minutes. "It's all about the calm."

"Thanks for that." You reply sarcastically, and you hear Will snicker from the table, where he's sat sketching. "Anyway, even if I could flip it, it was burnt already."

"Well, okay, there is that too." She concedes.

"Why don't we come for the breakfast?" Will asks. "Mom can make the pancakes, you can put the toppings on, and then Mom can take El and I home when you and Chief Hopper want to make out."

"Will!" Joyce exclaims, and you can't help bursting into laughter.

"You can't talk to a teacher that way!"

"I'm not his teacher yet," You point out, grinning at Will. "And it was kind of funny."

Joyce looks torn, then she allows a smile to spread over her face.

"Tell me, Will, what do you know about making out? Hmm?"

"Ew, Mom! Gross!" He buries his head back in his sketchbook, and

you and Joyce laugh.

"You know, it's actually not a bad idea." She says, "I can help you cook, and if the kids want to hang out after, I don't mind driving them into town."

"You're right, it's a good idea." You agree, "But can we lie about who made the pancakes?"

And so the next morning, when Hopper and El arrive at the trailer, Joyce and Will are already there with you, and the pancakes are already stacked.

"Morning, beautiful. Something smells good." Hopper kisses you in greeting, not lingering too long, but murmurs in your ear in as he pulls away, "And I don't mean the pancakes." The look he gives you before turning to greet Joyce makes your thighs clench, and just for a second you wish everyone else would vanish so you and Hopper could be alone.

"Morning, El." You smile at the teenager, ignoring your suddenly flaming cheeks. "How are you?"

"Okay. Pancakes?"

You can't help laughing, "Yes, absolutely. You want to put your own toppings on, or you want me to make you the ones we talked about?"

"With syrup?" She looks at you intently.

"Strawberries, whipped cream and syrup, right?"

"Yes. Please."

"Can I have that too?" Will asks, and Joyce looks at him, and then at you.

"Isn't that going to be too sweet?" She asks.

El's eyes meet yours, and suddenly, to your surprise and delight, the two of you are laughing together.

In the end, Will and El both get the pancakes they wanted, and you eat the same, while Joyce and Hopper take strawberries and cream without the syrup.

"This is so good." Will tells you.

"These are some of the best pancakes I ever had." Hopper agrees, looking at you with affection, and you feel torn between pride and guilt. Maybe later you'll tell him about Joyce's involvement.

El just sits and grins as she shovels the sugary concoction into her mouth, but after she finishes eating, she fixes you with a very serious look.

"Best breakfast." She tells you. "Thank you."

Your heart feels full as you smile at her. "I'm really glad you like the pancakes. I'm happy you came over."

"Me too. Next Saturday?" Her face is so hopeful, there's only one answer you can give. Oh well, at least you have another week to try to master pancakes.

Once every scrap has been eaten and the teenagers are completely hyper from sugar, Joyce offers to drive them into town so they can meet with their friends.

"Karen said she'd pick them up later for the sleepover, if they don't make their own way to the Wheelers' before then." Joyce tells Hopper, and you turn to him in surprise.

"Sleepover?"

"Yeah. Didn't I tell you?" His grin is absolutely wicked, and you catch Joyce hiding a smile behind her hand.

"You didn't, no." You try to sound starchy, but you definitely can't hide your happiness.

"Well, if you were looking forward to a quiet evening, I can always-" Hopper begins teasingly, but you sock him in the arm.

"Shut up and say goodbye to your daughter."

El is giggling about something with Will, and you just pray it's not about you and Hopper. The kids wave goodbye from the back of Joyce's car, and suddenly you're alone with your man.

"That was a great breakfast." He comments as you follow him back inside. "Nice of you to invite Joyce."

"I have a confession to make." You say immediately, and he sighs.

"Baby, you're not supposed to make it that easy. I'm a cop, I'm supposed to force confessions out of people."

You laugh, "Oh really? And how would you do that?"

"I have a few ideas..." The grin he gives you is so dirty, it steals your breath for a moment, and you forget all about the pancakes.

"Is that right, Chief?"

"Careful." He growls, "I exhausted my self control not bending you over the table during breakfast."

You let out a shocked giggle, "Jim!"

"It's been a week." He steps right up into your space, and you can smell the familiar aroma of cigarettes and cologne and just him. "And you're wearing that damned dress."

You glance down at yourself and flush red. In all honesty you'd been too busy worrying about breakfast to realise that the sundress you'd thrown on was the same one you'd worn on your first date with Hopper - the one you were still wearing the first time you had sex. You swallow hard, "So what are you gonna do about it, Chief?"

He grabs your waist and spins you around, and you catch hold of the table to anchor yourself, which was clearly his intention as his hand between your shoulder blades presses you down to rest your elbows on the wooden surface.

"Stay there." He instructs, and your panties flood as your pulse rate increases. "Thing is," He says, his tone conversational, "As good as that breakfast was, I'm still a little hungry."

He flips your dress up, exposing your underwear, and then you sense movement as he drops to his knees behind you. His warm breath ghosts over your bared lower back, and you shiver in anticipation.

"Fuck, baby, you smell better than breakfast." He murmurs, but your little laugh is cut off abruptly as his fingers yank your panties down your thighs. "Spread 'em." He commands.

"Yes, Chief." You reply, sassing him a little as you comply, and receiving a sharp little swat on the backside in return. You would retort, but the feel of his tongue pressing between your legs robs you of speech.

He doesn't go easy - he never has when it comes to eating you out. He licks and sucks at your clit, his fingers biting into your thighs as he holds you steady while you tremble. The pressure builds in your core until you're gasping, and then he suddenly pulls away, kissing your inner thigh before he climbs to his feet. You moan at the loss of contact, then feel the warmth of his body as he leans over you, his mouth coming close to your ear.

"Not that you aren't delicious, baby, but I really want to be inside you when you come."

A whimper escapes you as he grabs your hips, pulling you back a little, and then you hear a scrape of metal and slide of leather that has you panting in anticipation. You feel him nudge at your entrance, and try to push back onto him, but he pulls away slightly.

"What do you want?" He asks, his voice a low growl.

"Want you inside me, Jim, please!" Your pussy is soaking wet, you're still trembling from how close he got you before, and being bent over

the table while he teases you is driving you crazy in the best way. "Try harder." He instructs, and you almost laugh with frustration and disbelief.

"Are you serious? Jim, please!"

He swats your behind again, a sharp sting that sends a pulse through your already throbbing core. "Ask me again."

And you suddenly know what you need to say, "Please fuck me, Chief!"

He slams into you, forcing the breath from your body as you grip the edge of the table, knuckles turning white as you brace yourself, pushing back to meet every thrust as he drives you swiftly towards oblivion.

"Yes, baby... Fuck..." He groans, and then his hand reaches under you and it only takes two rough brushes over your clit before your belly clenches, heat rushes through you, and the pressure in your core explodes into a shattering climax. Hopper fucks you through it, drawing out the searing pleasure until you're almost sobbing, before he finally buries himself so deep you cry out all over again, as he groans and curses and fills you with his release.

You're bathed in sweat, panting hard, and Hopper's hands come to rest either side of yours on the table as his own ragged breathing matches yours. He slips out of you, and you feel your combined juices run down the inside of your thigh.

"Holy shit." He breathes, before gently taking hold of your waist, turning you to face him as you stumble a little on trembling legs.

"C'mere, sweetheart. Did I hurt you?" His face creases in concern.

"No!" You reassure him, leaning into his broad frame. "I loved it." You look up at him, "Couldn't you tell?!"

He chuckles slightly, "I think they might have heard you in town..."

"Shuddup." You nestle into his chest and he wraps his arms around you. You can hear his racing heartbeat in your ear as you murmur, "Didn't get my confession out of me though, did you?"

"Joyce made the pancakes." He says.

"What?" You look up at him again, "How did you know?"

He smirks, "You just told me. And that's how I get a confession out of inept criminals."

"Inept?"

"Take it as a compliment." He kisses you slowly, and you can still

taste strawberries on his tongue.

"You know what I want to do now?" You ask after a few moments.

"Tell me." He looks at you with so much affection, your heart twinges.

"Well, I figure summer's almost over. How many more chances will we get to swim in the lake and then lay in the sun?"

"That's true." He agrees, "But then we get into sitting by the fire and hiding under a lot of blankets for the winter. And you know, it'll be summer again before we know it."

And somehow, even though you've exchanged 'I love yous', that's the moment you really believe Hopper is in this for the long haul.

Notes for the Chapter:

So, nearly time for both Reader and El to start the new school year. And of course, more smutty and fluffy times for Reader and Hop ahead...

Thanks for sticking with this story!

DoB xx

20. Chapter 20

Notes for the Chapter:

I know it's been a really long time, and I'm sorry! This chapter might be a little rambling because I needed to write my way back into the story, but I'm hoping you'll forgive me!

The next few weeks pass quickly, and although there are a couple more opportunities to swim in the lake, the weather starts to turn in the days before the new school year is due to begin. You and Hopper have fallen into a comfortable routine of frequent phone calls, quick lunches in the diner, the occasional weeknight date, and most importantly of all, Saturday breakfasts with El followed by the rest of the day - and night - to yourselves.

The Saturday before school starts finds you cleaning the kitchen after a breakfast date with Hopper and El that somehow expanded to include all of El's friends - Lucas, Max, Dustin, Will, and of course her boyfriend, Mike - who managed to eat every morsel of food you had, then disappear off into town like a surprisingly polite plague of locusts. As you clear up, you listen out for Hopper's return from dropping the kids off, eager to have an excuse to leave the rest of the washing up for later.

Looking around the trailer, you can't help but smile. Over the couple of months since you moved in, it really has become a home. There are pillows on the couch, a rug Joyce gave you on the floor, pictures on the walls. And despite the fact that he doesn't live here, Hopper has left his stamp on the place too. Records of his are mingled with yours beside the turntable, a spare pair of his boots are by the door, and although you can't see it from here, he has clothes in the bedroom closet and a toothbrush and razor in the bathroom.

You recognise his footsteps on the porch, and turn to greet him. He's wearing jeans and a button down today, and despite your love of him in uniform, this is probably how you like him best of all. Relaxed, off duty, and right now focussed on you.

He gives you an easy smile, "You'd think they'd have had enough

sugar at breakfast, but they headed straight for milkshakes."

"Ah, to be a teenager again."

He raises an eyebrow, "You don't mean that."

"No, I really don't." You laugh, "What do you want to do today?"

He leaves his eyebrow raised as he shoots you a smirk.

"Other than that!" You pretend to swat him, but he grabs your hand and pulls you close, planting a gentle smooch on your lips.

"Actually, I did have an idea for somewhere we could go today," He tells you, "But we can stick to the bedroom if you like, I'm easy."

You snort with laughter, "I know you're easy, Jim, so I'll just take it as read that you're a sure thing later on, and say yes to wherever it is you want to go first."

He gently smacks your behind, "I'm a sure thing for you any time, baby, but if you're happy to go out, grab your shoes and let's go."

One of the things you love about riding with Hopper is his insistence on keeping a hand on your thigh. There's something about it that makes you feel protected and aroused at the same time, especially when he gently rubs his thumb back and forth. You squirm a little in the seat, and he chuckles.

"I gave you the option, baby. You could have been naked right now."

"I'm regretting my choice, believe me." You tell him.

"I'd offer to pull the car over and satisfy you, but they frown on police officers breaking the law." He strokes a little higher up your leg, taking advantage of the fact that you're hanging onto summer for as long as possible by wearing your cut-offs, even though you've had to pair them with a thin sweater.

"Jim..." You protest.

He grins and puts his hand back on the wheel, turning the car off the road and onto a narrow track. "Nearly there now, baby."

"Where are we going?" The car jolts further into the woods, and you suddenly feel your stomach roll as you realise where he's taking you.

"Jim, is this.."

"Home sweet home." There's a little tension in his tone, and this time it's your hand reaching for his thigh, seeking to reassure him, as the car comes to a stop and you finally set eyes on the dilapidated cabin.

You haven't pushed too hard, but Hopper's reluctance to let you see his place had started to make you a little uncomfortable. You love him, and you do trust him, but there's only so many excuses you can

take before your mind starts working on unpleasant possibilities.

"Are you sure?" You ask nonetheless, and he shrugs.

"Should've brought you here before now. Your place is nicer, that's all."

"Even with... memories?" You ask. He's told you enough - and gossip has unfortunately added to your knowledge - about how life was back before El, when he was living in the trailer.

"Doesn't even feel like the same place." He cups your cheek, giving you no choice but to look into his eyes, "Now it's where you live. Where we get to be together." He grins suddenly, "To El, it's where the pancakes are."

"Waffles this morning." You point out.

"Alright, where the sugar overload of the week happens. Better?" There's a sort of affection in his look that squeezes your chest.

"I love you." You tell him.

"I love you too. Now let's get this over with."

After he unlocks the front door, Hopper hangs back to let you go in first. To be honest, you're not sure what you'd been expecting, but the cabin is nice, almost homely. Sure, it's got a damp smell and it's kind of dark, but it's far from the 'cave in the woods' that Hopper has referred to a couple of times.

"So, yeah." He steps up behind you and you lean back into his body.

"It's nice!" You tell him, and you feel his chuckle vibrate from his chest to your back even before the sound reaches your ears.

"It's a cave in the woods."

"It's-" You go to protest, then your attention is drawn to something else, "Is that a shower curtain?!"

"My bedroom. Built it myself." His tone is a mixture of irony and pride.

Gently breaking away from him, you cross the room and draw the shower curtain back, revealing a tight space that includes a narrow single bed and not much else.

"I don't need much." He says quietly, as if reading your thoughts.

There's a strange lump in your throat as you turn to face him. You know this house is where he brought El to heal after rescuing her from government scientists. You know, though he hasn't told you, that there must be more to the story than that. But you also know that having been prepared to sacrifice everything, anything, for Sara,

he lost his daughter anyway. So the fact that he'd put El's needs first, always, isn't any kind of surprise. But nonetheless, something about him hiding away in the woods, sleeping in this tiny room...

You swallow hard and turn to face him, wrapping your arms around his neck and pressing your body into his.

He holds you tightly, his lips against your hair as he murmurs, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." You tell him, "You're a good man, that's all."

"You're just saying that because you haven't seen the bathroom yet." He's trying to make light of it, but there's still something in his voice, something that tells you what you already knew - it was hard for him to bring you here. Just like it's always hard for him to open up about the past.

You tip your head back and look up at him, "No, I'm saying it because it's true."

"I'm a damned lucky man, I know that." He plants a soft kiss on your lips. "Anything else you wanna see, or is this freak show over?"

You can't help laughing, "Seriously? You bring me out here, let me have a look around, and then we go again?"

His brow furrows, "What else would we do?"

"I don't know... You got anything to drink?"

You sit together on the porch steps with beers, staring out into the woods.

"What was it like, when you first brought El home?" You ask.

Hopper takes a moment to light up a cigarette before answering, "It was a little rough. She'd never had a home before. And I was probably too tough on her. I was trying to protect her." He smiles briefly, "We had some arguments, lots of slammed doors." He gestures with his cigarette, "She blew out the goddamn windows."

"What?" You ask in confusion, "How-"

"Metaphorically." He interrupts, "You know."

You laugh, "I had arguments with my mom as a teenager that could be described that way."

He takes a deep drag, "It's better now, most of the time."

"Except when it comes to Mike, right?" Personally, you like El's boyfriend, but you get why Hopper worries about that relationship. He's a dad, after all.

"All I ask is that she keeps the damn door open three inches. Is that

really too much to ask?"

You snuggle up to him, trying not to laugh, and he wraps an arm around your shoulders, "Jim, they're teenagers. You're fighting a losing battle against their hormones. You know that, right?"

He lets out a gusty sigh, "I know what teenage boys are like, so I'm not giving up."

"Mike's a nice boy." You risk, and Hopper gives you a look. "Okay, okay," You hold up your hands, "I'm staying out of it."

You think about suggesting the two of you have your sleepover at the cabin, but the thought of trying to squeeze into his tiny single bed together puts you off, so you go back to the trailer. Hopper visibly relaxes at being back in the lakeside space, and you're tempted to ask him why he and El are still in the cabin if he dislikes it so much, but you decide against it. Instead you sink into his embrace and surrender to his kisses.

Sex with Hopper just doesn't get old. You still feel as helplessly turned on now as you did the first time you slept together. His beard lightly abrades your inner thighs as he drives you through repeated hoops of pleasure with his tongue, your fingers gripping his hair as your hips buck against his hold.

"Jim..." Your body is strung so tight, you're so close to the edge, and it's clear he knows it, lifting his head to look up at you from where he's laying between your legs on your amply sized bed.

"You wanna come, baby?" His voice is soft, but the look in his eyes is dark and intense.

"Please!"

He drops his head and sucks on your clit, fingers pushing inside you, and you arch helplessly, your own fingers digging into his scalp as you let the intense sensations wash over you, relishing the rush of your climax.

"Whatever my girl needs." Hopper gravels, stroking the hair back from your flushed face as he repositions himself between your legs.

You look up at him, seeing his blown pupils no doubt mirroring yours, "Your girl needs you deep inside her, right now."

He takes you at your word, sliding into you as his mouth meets yours in a devouring kiss. His hand is still cupping your face, his body blanketing yours, and you wrap your legs around him to keep him close, urging him deeper, as he kisses you again. You love it like this,

when Hopper blots out everything else, when he's all you can see, all you can feel. It's no time at all before you're clenching around him, gasping out his name, as he groans and fills you.

"I meant what I said earlier, baby," He tells you as he holds you close in his arms afterwards, and you prise your eyes open, fighting sleep.

"Mm?"

"I'm a lucky man. A damned lucky man. And I'm not gonna screw this up."

"You couldn't." You murmur hazily, "It's okay." And you fall asleep before you can hear his reply.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for coming back to this story, I'd love to hear from you in the comments (it can be to cuss me for the delay if you want, I can take it!)

I'm not planning such a long break before posting again, I promise!

DoB x

21. Chapter 21

Notes for the Chapter:

Told you it wouldn't be such a long wait this time!

A chapter of home truths, fuck ups, and more than one dramatic incident...

Monday is the last day before school starts, and although you have a faculty meeting in the morning, the afternoon is free. The last day of the summer vacation always feels strange to you, so you decide to get a coffee before you head home to the lakeside and do your final preparation for the next day. You think about popping by the station to see Hopper, but decide to wait until your planned date tonight instead. El and her friends are planning a trip to the arcade, so you and Hopper get to have dinner together, and as always, you can't help smiling in anticipation.

As you sit in the diner and sip your coffee, you reflect on the morning's faculty meeting. Your new colleagues all seem nice for the most part, and you've heard good things about some talented student musicians who you're looking forward to meeting. The local gossip means that a few people mentioned your connection to Hopper, but there was nothing negative. All in all, you're feeling pretty good about your new job right now.

You're not sure what it is that draws your attention to the conversation a couple of booths over - maybe it's Hopper's name being mentioned, or maybe it's just a familiar voice, but as soon as you tune in to what's being said, you wish you hadn't.

"It's the novelty, right? I mean, she comes in from out of town, and next thing you know, Hopper's moving her into his old place, like he needs to lock that poor woman down before she hears what he's really like."

"Maybe he's changed, Marissa, you know? I saw them in here together once, it was kinda sweet-"

"Leopards don't change their spots! And assholes are assholes. I don't know, maybe it's just that she has low standards. Some women enjoy being treated like crap, right?"

You're not sure at what point you got up, but you do know that by the time Marissa the librarian notices your presence, you're already standing at her booth, looking down at her.

"Let me ask you something," You say, voice trembling a little, "You're pissed because Hopper slept with you and never called you, that right?"

"He's a pig." She mutters, not quite meeting your eye.

"Is he? I mean, you knew what was going on in his life then, right? I figure everyone did, seeing as everyone certainly seems to know what's going on in his life now!" Your voice has risen, and the diner has grown quiet, but you're barely aware of that. "You were the one who asked him out, I know that. Even though you knew what he was like back then. And then I'm guessing you went to a bar for your date, and you watched him drink however much he drank, and you still chose to go home with him. Right?"

She's silent, but her face is red and she's hanging her head a little.

"So what did you think was going to happen? You were going to fix him? Or he was going to suddenly fall in love with you and miraculously be cured of grief? Or did you just want to score with the hot cop? Seriously, Marissa, what were you trying to get out of that night? Tell me, I'm curious."

But she stays silent, her face absolutely flaming.

"So how about this?" You continue, "How about you chalk it up to a bad decision, move the fuck on, and stop talking smack about Hopper and me? Because whether you like it or not, it is real, we are in love with each other, and I'm not going anywhere. So get the fuck over it, please!"

You're panting slightly, and your own cheeks are hot. Marissa gets up and pushes past you, leaving the diner without a further word. Her friend follows, muttering a quick apology as she does so. You swallow hard, then feel a gentle hand on your back.

"Are you okay, honey?"

You turn to see Flo, Hawkins police station's secretary, and the interrupter of your first kiss with Hopper.

She gives you a smile, "Well, you sure told that librarian what's what."

You tentatively look around and see that although a few people have turned back to their food, there are still a good few eyes on you. "I wasn't planning on that." You tell her quietly, your legs starting to

shake as you realise what just happened, "I-"

Flo pats your arm, "Get your bag, honey."

You do as you're told, and she subtly guides you from the diner, standing with you as you gulp in fresh air on the sidewalk. "Sorry-" You start, but she interrupts you.

"Don't you apologise. That girl has been mouthing off about Hop for far too long, and everything you said in there was true. Now, you want to come back to the station with me? You look like you could use some sugar for that shaking." You notice for the first time that she's holding a box of donuts.

"I'm not sure I want to see Jim right now." You admit.

"He's out on a call, you can just sit with me for a little while."

"Okay," You surrender gratefully, and let her lead you to the station.

Flo sits with you in Hopper's office, plying you with tea and donuts until you start to feel calmer.

"I'm sorry," You tell her, "I think I might have really embarrassed myself - and Jim - but I just couldn't listen to any more of her crap."

"You were in the right, honey, believe me." She reassured you again,

"And after everything you've been through-"

"Everything he's been through, you mean?"

"Well yes, but you too. With the stabbing, and-"

It's like having a bucket of ice cold water thrown over you. "What?!"

Flo can obviously see you're upset, as she quickly seeks to reassure you, "It's only because I was the one who called in your file from San Francisco, that's all. I didn't share it with anyone else but Hopper, I wouldn't."

"Jim-" You try to take a breath against the rising panic, "Jim ordered my police file? Why?!"

"I wanted to make sure you were safe." Hopper's voice comes from the doorway, and the tones that normally immediately calm and reassure you have the opposite effect.

"Without telling me?" Your heart is racing as you jump to your feet, fists clenched at your sides, "That's private, Jim, it's not your business!"

"I just wanted to check that no one was going to come looking for you, I wanted to make sure that punk kid is where he belongs-" He's holding out his hands, his tone reasonable, but this doesn't feel reasonable to you.

"Yes! Yes he is! He's in jail! I would have told you that myself if you'd just asked!" You're struggling for breath, throat closing, panic rising up like a wave, and suddenly you just have to get out of there.

You shove past Hopper, and race through the main office, just needing to get outside, to get air, even as you hear his footsteps behind you, and his voice pleading with you to come back, to calm down, but right now you can't process anything but the need to get away. Cool air hits you as you push through the doors, and you almost fall down the steps as you head for the sidewalk. A curse behind you tells you the door probably hit Hopper in the face - good - and as you half turn to check he's stopped following you, your foot catches the edge of the kerb and you stumble.

What happens next seems to take place in slow motion, because it happens within the space of a few seconds, but those seconds feel like some of the longest of your life. Your body pitches forward into the road, and you catch sight of a car out of the corner of your eye, barrelling down on you, the driver distracted as he talks to the person in the passenger seat. You hear your own scream as if it belongs to someone else, then you see her. It's El, standing on the opposite pavement, and your last thought as you brace for the impact of the car is that she shouldn't see this, she really shouldn't see this...

The car rises impossibly into the air and spins away from you. Brakes screech, someone screams, and then something hits you from behind, not a car, something warm and solid, wrapping around you, as your body finally makes contact with the road, your head glances off the tarmac, and then there's nothing.

Notes for the Chapter:

So what happens next? Stay tuned to find out!

Thank you for reading, I'd love to hear your thoughts in the comments. Next chapter coming very soon!

DoB x

22. Chapter 22

Notes for the Chapter:

Can't leave you on a cliffhanger for too long...

You swim into consciousness, like pushing your way up from the bottom of the lake, weeds grabbing at your legs and the weight of the water trying to keep you under. Eventually you break the surface, forcing your eyes open, blinking against the light, and as your surroundings slowly come into focus, you realise you're in the hospital. By the looks of it, a cubicle much like the one you visited Hopper in before. Your head hurts and you feel a little fuzzy, trying to remember exactly how you came to be here, when you register that beside the gurney, his hand firmly holding yours, his face grey and drawn, sits Hopper.

"Jim?" Your voice emerges as a croak, and he immediately grabs a paper cup of water with his free hand, bringing it to your lips.

"Take a sip, sweetheart."

You comply, letting the water soothe your dry lips and mouth before it slides down your parched throat.

"Okay?" He asks when you've drunk half the cup, and you try to nod, but that hurts your head. "You remember what happened?"

You think back. "I was in the diner..." Then gradually it all comes back to you. "El!"

"She's fine," He reassures you, "She's fine. She's just outside."

"She was in the road-"

"Yeah, she was trying to help you. She's fine, I promise."

"But the car-" You remember it lifting away, rising into the air, but that can't be right, "Did it hit me?"

"No. No, it didn't hit you. I tried to catch you before you fell, but we both hit the ground. You remember that?"

"Kind of." You bring a hand to your head, wincing, "It hurts here."

"Doc says it's nothing serious. Maybe a very mild concussion at worst." He hesitates, "Paramedics had to give you a sedative because you were panicking, that's why you're here at the hospital. You remember that part?"

"No." You say honestly, "What happened?"

He squeezes your hand, "It was kind of like a panic attack, baby. I think it was the shock."

"Did everyone see?" You ask in a small voice. You can't understand how your happy last day of summer went south so fast.

"Only me and El, and the paramedics. It's not a big deal, I swear. I was just, I was really fucking worried about you." He rubs at his forehead, "I fucked up, so bad."

"You tried to catch me." You tell him, but then your muddled brain remembers something else, "Wait, you lied to me. We were fighting. My file-" The memory still brings anger and hurt with it, and you pull back from him a little.

"That's what I mean, about fucking up. I really fucked up. I've been sitting here thinking about it, and I..." He wraps both hands around yours, as if he's scared you'll leave, not that you could right now even if you wanted to, "I was trying-" He breaks off again, looking away, then looks back at you, "I fuck up. I try to protect people, and I fuck it up. I go too far. I don't know when to stop. I shouldn't have ordered your file without telling you, I shouldn't have done that."

"No, you shouldn't." You feel shaky, but the anger is ebbing. It helps that he isn't pretending what he did was okay.

He tentatively touches your cheek, and when you don't pull back, he cups your face gently and looks right into your eyes, "El ran away once, because I went too far, trying to keep her safe. I thought I'd learnt my lesson after that. I guess I haven't. I'm so sorry."

"I understand." You murmur, because when he explains it like this, and apologises like this, you do.

He sighs, "It's not just your file. I haven't been honest with you about the past, about El, about what happened here in Hawkins, because you've been through enough and I just... I don't want to put that stuff on you. But that means I'm kind of lying to you, and that's wrong. I know that."

You swallow, "Is it that bad, what happened?"

"It's pretty bad. Once it's in your head, it might change how you feel about this place, about El... Where she came from, the things that happened there-"

Something suddenly clicks into place in your head, as you interrupt, "They did experiments on El, right? You said CIA stuff, mind control?"

"Yeah, that's part of it." He looks a little wary.

"The car... El..." You don't even have to finish forming the thought before his reaction shows that you're not talking crazy after all. "She moved the car, didn't she?"

He nods very slightly.

"She's the one who saved me." He nods again, and your eyes fill with tears, "She's here? You said she was here?"

"You want to see her?" He hesitates, "You're not freaked out, or scared or anything?"

"Of El?" You ask in confusion, "Of course not."

Hopper gently lets go of you and moves over to the opening in the cubicle's curtain, keeping his eyes on you as he does so. He sticks his head through the gap, but you can still hear his words.

"Get in here, kid."

El comes through the curtain, looking a little nervous, and stands beside the gurney.

"Are you okay?" You ask her immediately.

"Are you?" She replies, and you try hard to smile.

"Thanks to you, yes."

She shoots a nervous glance at Hopper, and he makes a reassuring gesture.

"It's okay, kid, she knows."

"You stopped the car, right?" You need to hear it from El herself.

"Yes. It was going to hurt you."

"Yeah, it was." The tears spill over again against your will, "Thank you so much, El. I'm so sorry you had to do that."

"It doesn't hurt to do it." She glances at Hopper again, "Friends don't lie?"

"Friends don't lie." He agrees, then looks at you, "She wanted me to tell you the truth before."

"Friends don't lie," El says again, looking at you this time.

"We're friends?" You ask.

"Yes. Friends." She confirms.

"Thank you." You kind of want to hug her, but you'd never ask her for that, so it's even more of a surprise when she leans in and puts her arms around you, just for a moment. When she pulls back, her face is serious.

"Secret."

"Of course. I won't tell anyone."

"Friends don't lie." She says again, this time like a caution.

"Friends don't lie." You repeat, and she gives you that sweet smile.

"Okay, kid." Hopper ruffles her hair, "You wanna get out of here and go to Joyce's place? You can sleepover, alright? Flo will take you."

"Yes." She gives you one more smile, and leaves.

"Okay?" Hopper asks.

"I think so." You're still kind of reeling from the revelation.

He sits down on the edge of the gurney and takes your hand in his again. "I love you, baby. You can be as mad at me as you need to be, lay it all out there, just don't dump my ass, okay?"

You find yourself sputtering with laughter, "Dump your ass?"

He chuckles slightly, "El's phrase. She was pretty mad at me."

"Guess she really does like me."

He looks you straight in the eye, "That thing, the 'friends don't lie', that's a big thing with her. You make it into that inner circle, that's it, you're in."

You smile, remembering her words and her hug. "Guess I can't really dump your ass then."

"Guess not."

"When can I get out of here?"

"Doc said once you were awake and she'd checked you over, you should be good to go."

"Good." You steel yourself, "Because I think you should take me home, and then you should tell me the truth about everything."

"Okay, that's fair." He still looks tired and kind of grey in the face, "But like I said, it's pretty bad."

"Lots of things are bad." You tell him, "But keeping them secret doesn't help."

"Maybe." He musters a smile, "I'll go get the doc, then we'll get you out of here, okay?"

"Okay." You agree, and he stands, but then you can't help quickly adding, "I love you, Jim. It's going to be alright."

"I love you too, sweetheart. And I really hope you're right."

Notes for the Chapter:

Let me know what you think! Personally, I love El right now, and Hopper isn't completely out of the doghouse...

Next chapter coming soon!

DoB x

23. Chapter 23

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you all so much for the support and for coming back to this story! It means the world.

Reader and Hopper are having a tough time, but I'm hopeful they'll find the way through...

When you get back to the trailer, your energy crashes. You feel exhausted and weepy, and when Hopper tries to find out what's wrong, you honestly can't tell him.

"I smell like hospital," You whisper, because that's the one concrete thing you can name that's bothering you.

Hopper manhandles the low stool you sometimes sit on to play guitar into the shower, and gently undresses you and sits you down. You feel like you should be embarrassed, but you're too tired and overwhelmed to care. Instead you let him soap you down, then wash your hair with incredible care and gentleness, avoiding the painful goose egg left over from your accident. Once you're clean, and smelling of your usual soap and shampoo, you do feel a little better.

He helps you dress in sweats and an oversized Hawkins PD tshirt of his, and settles you on the couch.

"I'm going to make you something to drink, while you rest."

It doesn't occur to you to disagree with him, and you even manage a small smile when he puts a mug of hot chocolate in your hand. You bought it for El, but he knows you love sweet treats almost as much as she does.

"How are you feeling now, baby?"

"It's just... a lot." Is all you can manage, and he kisses your temple.

"Yeah, it's a lot."

"When I came out of hospital before," You begin, surprisingly yourself with the words, "I was all alone. There wasn't anyone to help me. I couldn't take a shower on my own," You choke down an unexpected sob, "So I smelt like the hospital for two days until I managed to wash myself down with a flannel. It took so long..." You can't help but surrender to tears now.

Hopper gathers you close, and you tuck your legs up, curling yourself

into a ball so that he can completely envelop you with his big frame.

"You're not alone anymore. I'm here. I'm always gonna be here."

"You can't say that." You protest, and he tips your chin up with his fingers so you have no choice but to look at him.

"I'm saying it. And I know I can't promise, I know the world doesn't work that way, but I'm still saying it, 'cause I still mean it. And I think that matters."

"It matters." You whisper.

"Alright then," Hopper gives you another tight squeeze, "I swear to god I'm not putting it off, but I don't think we should have the big talk about El and Hawkins and everything else right now."

"No," You agree, "I feel too out of it."

"Yeah, I think you need to rest, baby, and we can talk later."

"Don't leave!" You blurt, and he looks shocked.

"Sweetheart, I already told you, I'm not going anywhere."

He carries you into the bedroom and tucks you under the covers, before shedding his uniform and climbing in beside you in just his boxers and undershirt. You snuggle into the warm strength of his body, still feeling a little disoriented. You realise that the sedatives they gave you probably haven't completely worn off, quite apart from the traumatic memories your brief hospital stay has stirred up. Oh, and the part where you nearly got hit by a car and saved by your boyfriend's telekinetic daughter. And yet laying in Hopper's arms, you still know you're safe.

"Take a nap, baby." He says softly, "I'll be here the whole time."

Your hands at his waist creep under his tshirt, and his skin is so warm and smooth under your fingers, you can't resist running your hands over his back and sides, pressing closer.

"Careful, baby," He says gently, but you're already pushing up your own tshirt.

"Just want to feel close to you." You murmur, trying to explain.

"Okay, c'mere." He helps you out of your shirt and sweatpants, and you insist on shedding your bra as well. He throws his own shirt to the floor, and then tucks the blankets back over you both, before smoothing his hands over your skin, "Does anywhere else hurt?"

"Just a bit achy everywhere." You admit, and he continues to stroke and soothe you, his hands running over your back, your arms, until you fall asleep.

You wake up a couple of hours later, just as night falls, with a clear head and feeling a whole lot better. Hopper is still curled around you, fast asleep, warming your skin and making you feel protected. You also feel a little bit turned on. Maybe it's because you could have died, maybe it's because of the way he took care of you, and the beautiful words he said to you, or maybe it's just because your boyfriend is ridiculously sexy, but whatever the reason, you find yourself pressing against him, mewling a little.

"Baby?" His eyes open, and you press a soft kiss to his mouth.

"Hey." You kiss him again.

"How are you feeling?" One of his hands slides down your back, resting just at the top of your butt.

"Much better." You reply honestly, "Good, really." Your lips tease his once again, "Want you..."

"Baby, you nearly got killed earlier-"

"And I'm alive. So I want to feel it."

His hand is cupping your butt now, pushing past the cotton of your panties to stroke bare flesh, making you tremble, "You really sure about this?"

You answer with another kiss, and his hand runs down your thigh, drawing your leg over his, heightening the ache in your centre.

"Nothing heavy." He murmurs, "I won't risk hurting you."

"You won't hurt me." You reassure, reaching between you and sliding a hand into his boxers, "You make me feel good."

He groans as you close your hand around him, "Jesus..."

You watch his face, his eyes half closing as you slowly pump your fist up and down his length. His hand slips further between your thighs, beneath your panties, and you feel his fingers gently part your folds.

"Fuck, you're wet..." His voice is a groan.

You whimper in response as he starts to stroke your clit, your own hand moving faster on his dick. His talented fingers create little shockwaves through your body, heat gathering in your belly. You love that he can make you feel like this so easily, and that he can simultaneously make you feel desperate and cherished.

"That's it, sweetheart." He murmurs, slowly pushing two fingers inside you, then drawing back again to lavish more attention on your clit, "Want you to come on my fingers, baby."

You'd love to have him inside you, but you already know he won't

agree to that right now, and besides, writhing on his fingers while you stroke his dick is somehow ridiculously hot. It feels a little teenaged, and you remember talking together about what you got up to by the lake in your younger years.

"Yes..." You reply, and he slides his fingers into you again, thrusting slowly, while you whimper and try not to lose the rhythm of your hand on him, fighting against the heat coursing through your veins.

"Close, baby..." Hopper's breathing is heavy, and you can feel him grow impossibly harder in your hand.

You whine in agreement, and he presses down on your clit with his thumb as his fingers thrust deep one more time, and you shatter, crying out as your climax sweeps over you. He thrusts into your palm and you feel the stickiness of his release coat your fingers.

"I feel like a teenager." He huffs as he uses his discarded undershirt to clean up the mess, and you can't help laughing.

"I thought that too."

"Still felt damn good though." He shoots you a brief grin.

"Yes it did." You agree.

He leans in and kisses you, "I'm going to make us something to eat. Then we need to have that talk, don't we?"

You feel the apprehension creeping back in. "Part of me wants to pretend we don't, but yeah, we do."

He gives you a wry smile. "Friends don't lie, remember?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Coming up next, one big conversation for Hopper and reader! Can't wait to hear what you guys think!

DoB x

24. Chapter 24

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm so sorry. You guys, I was finishing my postgrad thesis, and it just took over my life, and once I get out of the habit with these fics, it's hard to get back in!

I actually drafted these next couple of chapters a while ago, but didn't get round to editing and posting. So here you go, finally another instalment!

You sit at the table, barely touched sandwiches in front of you, as neither you nor Hopper have much of an appetite as it turns out, even though he took the time to make grilled cheese.

"So," He begins, taking your hand and interlacing his fingers with yours, "I guess I have to tell you the whole story, but it's a long one. You can stop me when you need to, ask questions, anything. I'll tell you everything I know. But you should talk to Joyce, too, after."

"Okay." It's almost a whisper, and you feel a little sick.

"I wasn't in a good way back then. I was still grieving Sara, I was angry... I was drunk a lot, taking medication, all of that."

You squeeze his hand, "I'm not judging you. I won't."

He manages a wry smile, "Tell me that when I'm done. So when Joyce came into the station to say Will was missing..."

Hopper talks for a long time. You do interrupt now and again to ask a question, and once or twice because your eyes have filled with tears. Sometimes he tells the story like a cop, sometimes like a father, and sometimes just as a man as scared and confused by it all as the kids at the centre of it.

In a way it surprises you how easily you accept the concept of the upside down. But you loved reading sci-fi as a kid, and as unbelievable as it might sound, everything Hopper tells you rings with truth. Plus, working with teenagers means you've heard every government conspiracy theory out there, and what happened in Hawkins sounds weirdly plausible in that context.

When Hopper talks about bringing El to the cabin for the first time, his voice breaks and you make him pause so you can fetch him a glass of water. You catch sight of him out of the corner of your eye, dashing away tears, and it feels like someone's squeezing your heart in their fist. The bond between him and El really is a beautiful thing.

The story of El running away, the incident he'd alluded to when you were in the hospital, is actually something you find kind of touching. Hopper views it as a result of his failing to do a good job with her, but you see it equally that El needed to go away to be sure she wanted to make Hopper and Hawkins her home.

"What matters is that she chose to come back." You tell him.

Hopper doesn't tell you a lot about Joyce's boyfriend, Bob, other than that they were all at high school together, and how he died. He tells you that's a story for Joyce to share. That doesn't stop you crying for your friend when you hear of Bob's fate. You wonder at how Joyce can still be so kind and compassionate and funny after everything she's been through.

The story ends with El closing the gateway to the upside down, and with Hopper dropping his head into his hands, rubbing at his face.

"El really is amazing." You tell him, "And so are you. And Joyce. And the kids... God, all of you. I don't know how you're all so normal!"

He lets out an incredulous laugh, "Normal?!"

"Well, relatively." You allow with a small smile, "You know what I mean. You're all still functioning."

"Yeah, except the nightmares, and the flashbacks, and in my case, invading my girl's privacy because I'm pathological about keeping her safe."

You swallow. It's so tempting to let him off the hook, but you know that won't be good for either of you. "If you wanted to know about things in my past, you should have asked me."

"It wasn't about that." He says, "I had to know you were safe, I had to know about that kid, and his gang friends, and everything that might be a threat to you. I'm not sure that's even rational, but you mean so fucking much to me."

"Stop." You tell him, and to give him his due, he immediately falls silent, "I know you love me, I know you were trying to protect me, and after everything you've just told me, I understand that impulse

even more. But I have to be sure you really understand why what you did is not okay."

"Tell me." He offers.

You take a deep breath, "It's not easy for me to trust people. It really isn't. But I trusted you as soon as I met you, when you came to investigate the noise complaint. I've told you things about me, about my past, that I haven't told anyone. But I've told you those things as and when I've felt ready," You feel your chest tightening, and make yourself take another deep breath, "Just like you needed time before you could tell me things - or even show me your home. And I respected that, even though it wasn't always easy."

You see a little flash of pain cross Hopper's face, but he doesn't interrupt.

"So that's why this feels so bad." You continue, trying to stop your voice from shaking, "Because I know what else is in my police file, so I'm guessing now you know other things - like I got caught shoplifting a prom dress when I was fifteen, but you don't know that I did it because we had no money and I really wanted to go, and I was young and stupid and it was the first and last time I ever stole anything."

He does open his mouth to interrupt this time, but you're on a roll.

"-And you probably know I got punched in the face in a bar by a guy who said he didn't like my music, and I dropped the charges - not because I'm weak, but because I felt bad for him that his wife had died and he wasn't acting rationally. So, you're going to see these things and-"

"I didn't see your file!" He finally breaks in, stopping you in your tracks.

"What?" You stare at him, confused.

"Your case file. The stabbing. That's the only thing I ordered, the only thing I've seen. Just the case file."

"But... Flo said 'your file', and you did too, I'm sure-"

"I probably did," He captures your hand and holds it tight, "Out of habit or something, but I didn't mean your background file, just the case file." The corners of his mouth lift just slightly, "I didn't even know you had a rap sheet. Well, 'til you just told me."

You can feel the heat filling your cheeks, and know your face must be flaming right now. "I-"

"It's okay." He squeezes your hand, "I really do understand. And you don't have to tell me anything else that may or may not be in your

police file, until you're ready. Okay?"

"Okay."

"And I'm still sorry for ordering your case file without telling you. Everything you said about trust was right." He sighs, "I'm sorry it took me time to show you the cabin, to tell you about the past. One day I'll tell you more about Sara, and my life before Hawkins. I'm really trying here, baby, I promise."

"I know you are." You tell him, and you mean it. "I love you."

"I love you, sweetheart. Very fucking much, as it turns out. I thought I was going to lose you today, and I never want to feel that fucking scared again."

You pitch forward into an awkward embrace, given you're sat in separate chairs, and Hopper pulls you onto his lap instead. The chair creaks ominously, but as you try to get up he holds you firm.

"I'll break your fall."

"Or we could just move to the couch?" Your lips twitch, and you see his mouth quirk into an almost smile. Next thing you know he's standing with you in his arms, staggering slightly as he manages to walk the few steps to the couch and land you both on the softer seat. You bounce slightly, and can't help a giggle escaping. Hopper grins, and pulls you into his embrace.

"Are we okay?" He asks.

"We're okay." You confirm.

"In that case... Want me to make some more grilled cheeses?"

"I knew I loved you for a reason." You tell him, sending him off to the kitchen with a kiss.

Notes for the Chapter:

I want Hopper in my kitchen. Just saying.

Thanks for reading, DoB xx

25. Chapter 25

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter is basically smut. I make no apologies.

Your eyelids start to droop as soon as you finish your last bite of grilled cheese, and Hopper has to quickly grab the plate before it drops from your hand.

"Bedtime, baby."

"Mmm." You don't argue, because today feels like it's been the longest day ever. It's bizarre to think that it was only this morning that you were meeting your new colleagues, given everything that's happened since.

"I feel a little guilty, having you stay," You tell him as you yawn your way through undressing and slip into one of his T-shirts, "It's El's first day of school tomorrow, you should be with her."

"She'll be asleep already, I hope. I'll pick her up and take her for breakfast before school tomorrow." He pulls back the blankets for you, and you crawl into bed gratefully, watching through half closed eyes as he sheds his clothes. "Pancakes for the big day."

You smile sleepily, snuggling into his arms as he joins you in bed, "Sounds like a good plan."

"You wanna join us? I can give you a ride to the high school after-"

You shake your head before he finishes speaking, "It's a special day for El. She needs her dad to herself."

"You need me too." You can feel a little tension in his body, "After what happened today..."

"Jim, I'm okay. I'm a big girl." You kiss his chest, "I'll see you guys for breakfast on Saturday like always."

His big hand strokes over your hair, coming to rest on your shoulder, "You'll call me and tell me how it goes tomorrow, won't you?"

"I'll call you at lunch, if none of the other teachers want to sit with me." You snuggle even closer, soaking up his warmth, "You can tell me if you've found Mrs Carlson's mailbox yet."

And you drift off to sleep to the sound of his low chuckle.

You wake up when the alarm goes off, rolling over to silence it, only to find Hopper's sleeping body in the way.

"Jim! Wake up!"

He grunts in response but doesn't move, so you sit up and stretch over him to reach the alarm clock on the nightstand.

"How do you sleep through that?" You ask, and despite his eyes being shut, Hopper's arms suddenly close around you and you find yourself flipped and pinned under him. He opens his eyes as you shriek in surprise, grinning down at you.

"I don't. But feeling you climbing over me is a good way to wake up."

"Perve." You mock complain, and he dips his head to bite your nipple, making you gasp as a spark of electricity travels straight to your core.

"I can stop if you want?" He raises an eyebrow.

You give a pretend sigh, "No, I think I can endure it..."

He growls and moves to your other nipple, sucking this time, and you can't help a whine as heat builds between your legs.

"Endure it, huh?" He goes to kiss you, but you pull back.

"Morning breath-"

He slides a hand under your head, threading fingers through your mussed hair, and brings his lips to yours, "I-" He kisses you, "-don't-" He kisses you again, "-give a fuck." And you throw caution to the wind and kiss him back.

His free hand explores your body, caressing your breast, skimming your hip, coming tantalisingly close to where you're aching for his touch, but then he moves it away teasingly. You take the opportunity for a little exploring of your own, sweeping your hands over his broad shoulders, his strong arms, then stroking your fingers through the fuzz of hair on his chest. One of his legs is resting between yours, and you try to shift down a little, to make contact between your increasingly wet pussy and his muscular thigh.

"Nuh uh." Hopper's eyes meet yours as he pulls back just a little, "You want something, ask for it."

"God, Jim, just touch me, please!"

"I am touching you," He runs his hand down your side again, "See?"

You almost whine with frustration, "You know what I mean!"

"Yup. But you still gotta ask for it." His teasing smirk makes you groan.

"Please touch me properly..." You can see from his expression that this isn't going to work, so you bring out the big guns, "...Chief Hopper."

He growls, fingers tightening in your hair. "Oh, baby, be careful what you wish for."

He kisses you hard and deep, as he shifts his body over yours so that he's laying between your thighs, your legs spread wide to accommodate him. You feel the hard length of his dick press briefly against you and lift your hips to try to recapture the sensation when he draws back.

"How do you want it, sweetheart?"

Five minutes earlier, you would have opted for slow and playful, but now you're desperate to have him inside you, and the intense expression on his face and darkness of his blown pupils makes you want something else entirely.

"Hard." You murmur, "Give it to me hard, Chief."

There's an initial sting as he takes you at your word and pushes into you, a tiny bite of pain as your body seeks to accommodate his thick girth, but the satisfaction of being filled quickly takes over. He rocks into you with a few long, slow glides while you adjust, and it's only when you start whimpering for more that he snaps his hips and drives deep.

The noise you make is incoherent. You want to tell him how good it feels when he does that, but words won't form. Instead you grasp at his biceps and hold on tight as he pounds you into the mattress.

His lips are against your ear as he murmurs, "So fuckin' tight, baby, so fuckin' wet..."

"For you," You gasp, "Chief..."

"Goddamn right, for me." He sucks a kiss into your neck, hard enough that you'll have a mark, and you tip your head back as he ruts into you even deeper.

You can hear your own heartbeat in your ears, feel the prickle of sweat breaking out on your heated skin, and the tingling electricity that spreads through your limbs tells you that if he just keeps doing this, if you can just ride the wave...

"Please!" You manage, wrapping your arms around his back, plastering your bodies together, "Oh god, Jim..."

"Got you, baby..." His hand slides under your butt, the slight change of angle ensuring his dick rubs against that particular spot inside you on every thrust.

"Fu-uck..." Your voice is a hoarse gasp as you teeter right on the

brink.

"You're mine..." He husks, and that's all it takes to send you over the edge into a crashing orgasm, every muscle in your body trembling as you cry out and clench tight around his dick, holding him inside you as he surrenders with a deep groan that sends another jolt through your body.

Hopper kisses you gently before rolling off of you and falling onto his back beside you.

"Fuck, sweetheart, that was one hell of a way to wake up."

You manage a breathless laugh, and he leans over and strokes your cheek.

"You are mine, aren't you?"

"If you're mine too." You answer, turning your head to see him smile.

"All yours, sweetheart."

You smile back and then stretch, feeling a delicious ache, "I need a shower."

"Mm hmm. Want some company?"

"Don't you have to get to-" The words die on your lips as you suddenly remember what morning it is. "First day of school! El! Oh god, it's the first day of school!"

Notes for the Chapter:

What do you guys want to see next? Where should this go? I have ideas, but I haven't decided yet...

But you guys want a happy ending, right?

26. Chapter 26

Notes for the Chapter:

Can't seem to stay away from the angst with this right now. But it'll be okay in the end.

Trigger warning for anxiety/panic attack, so tread carefully if needed.

The first day of school passes like a dream in the end. You're not sure if that's partly because of yesterday's traumatic events, or just the contrast between a small town high school and the inner city schools you're used to. In the main, the kids are polite and well behaved, with the worst behaviour you experience being the occasional student staring into space rather than listening to your lesson. Instead of leaving at the end of the day feeling wiped out, then going back to a tiny apartment and chugging down enough coffee to get you through an evening gig, you drive home still feeling a little like you're dreaming, and sit out on the porch overlooking the lake and gently strum your guitar to try to ground you. But for some reason the scene feels almost like a film set, a step removed from reality.

Whenever you try to process how much your life has changed, and how quickly, it's hard to fathom, and today brings that into sharp focus. Sure, you made the decision to move to Hawkins, and you knew when you did so that the school experience would be different, and that you were leaving regular bar gigs and open mic nights behind. But you'd never expected to find a relationship, let alone fall in love, and with a complicated single father no less. It feels like a little shock when you remember the truth about El, and what happened in the Hawkins lab. Everything Hopper told you yesterday is still sinking in.

You're so lost in thought that it takes a second to register the phone ringing, and despite your overactive mind, a smile spreads across your face as you hurry inside to answer it.

"Hey, sweetheart." Hopper's voice has an immediate effect on you as always, making your heart jump. "How was your day?"

"Weird. But good, I think." You settle on. "How was El's first day?"

"She says it was fine. You know what she's like. But she was with her friends and she seems happy enough."

You picture him in the cabin, maybe sitting on his small bed, and your chest squeezes involuntarily, "Guess she's not going to give you a blow by blow account."

"Guess not." He sounds weary.

"How was your day? Any new leads on the mailbox?"

He huffs slightly, "Actually, yeah. Another one's gone missing."

"Seriously?" You can't help a giggle escaping.

"Seriously. Two blocks away from the Carlsons. But we got a print this time, maybe."

You adopt a dramatic tone in an attempt to cheer him up, "You're going to crack this case wide open!"

He concedes with a bark of laughter, "Oh yeah, Hollywood is gonna come for the movie rights." There's a noise in the background, and you hear Hopper move the phone away from his mouth as he says, "Not Eggos, kid, I'll make dinner." Then he's back with you, "I better go."

"Okay, call me later if you want."

"I will. Love you, baby." The words send a pang through your chest that's somehow a little bittersweet tonight.

"Love you too." You reply, and you let the dial tone fill your ear for a moment or two before you slowly hang up.

You eat your solitary dinner off a plate resting on your lap while watching TV, and although that used to be pretty normal for you on the west coast, it feels strange here. You guess summer really is over; too cool now to eat outside, and the reality of nights closing in and winter on the way adds to the feeling of disconnection you've been battling all day. Hopper feels much further away than usual, even though he's still only a few miles away, and you suddenly wonder how things will work now that you're teaching again and can't grab those quick lunches or enjoy his impromptu afternoon visits.

The dark part of your mind, the part where the anxiety attacks and nightmares come from, the part that carries your mental scars - so much deeper than the scars on your abdomen - starts to whirl into action. Maybe, you start to think, all of this was a bad idea. Maybe the relationship with Hopper is just a holiday romance, all the more intense for taking place in the heat of August, with naked swimming

and lust filled summer nights. And now that summer is over, maybe reality will be too much for you both to handle.

Your breathing is speeding up, your chest feeling tight. Your throat is constricted, the whirling thoughts like a ghostly hand tightening around your neck. Your racing heartbeat fills your ears, almost drowning out the shrill sound of the phone ringing. You're trapped inside your own head, the rational part of you fighting to get out from under the rising tide of panic.

Your hand gropes towards the phone, because maybe just maybe, someone on the other end could anchor you. Even if it's a goddamn telemarketer, you need something to tether you back to reality. Your shaking fingers close around the handset, and you lift it to your ear. You can't quite form words, but the caller speaks first anyway.

Hopper sounds even more tired than he did earlier, his voice low and scratchy, as he speaks five words that shatter what was left of your self control.

"I can't do this anymore."

The phone drops from your hand as you fall sideways on the couch, all your physical effort focussed on trying to drag in a breath. You dimly hear Hopper, it's like he's shouting, maybe, but there's no way you can make out the words, not with the handset on the floor and your hands clutching at your head, covering your ears. Right now you're lost, and all you can do is try to keep breathing as the blackness closes in.

Notes for the Chapter:

Next chapter coming very soon. Thanks for reading!

DoB x

27. Chapter 27

Notes for the Chapter:

Not sure how many people are sticking with this story, but I finally came up with an ending, so I'm going to see this through!

For now, though, Hopper has some explaining to do...

You're not sure if you actually passed out, or just got so lost in the panic that you stopped processing for a few minutes, but either way, it's your heartbeat that brings you back, thudding in your ears, and then you start focussing on the texture of the couch under your cheek and palm, then the ticking of the clock and the colours in the poster on the wall. Anchoring yourself. It's a technique the psychiatrist in the hospital in San Francisco taught you, in the one appointment your insurance could cover. Focus on things you can hear, things you can see, things you can touch. Like always, the panic attack peaked, and now it's ebbing.

The phone is giving out an irritable disconnected tone, so you reach out on autopilot and hang up. Your heart cracks in your chest as you recall Hopper's words, and you realise that despite your calmer state, tears are running down your cheeks. Maybe it was the same dose of reality you'd felt yourself that caught him, maybe it was opening up so much recently, maybe it just all became too much trouble, but whatever the reason, it seems Hopper might be done with your relationship.

You stand carefully, feeling a little light headed, and go fetch a glass of water. As you stand at the counter drinking it down, the sweep of headlights outside sends a shaft of light through the trailer. Your heart speeds up again as you realise that it's probably Hopper, because he's certainly decent enough to want to check on you, or at least make sure his attempted break up call didn't give you a heart attack.

"Baby?"

You stay where you are, leaning against the counter, as Hopper's raised voice grows closer.

"Baby? Where are you? Answer me!"

He sounds pretty frantic, and his face when he bursts in is tight with what looks like panic. You watch as he sets eyes on you and crumples slightly, his breath releasing as a harsh pant.

"Jesus, what the fuck happened? I thought- Are you okay?"

Your voice is stuck in your throat as he approaches, catching your face in his big hands, his touch gentle.

"You're scaring me, sweetheart. What the hell is going on?"

"I... You said..." You don't want to repeat his words from before, because his actions are fanning a tiny flame of hope inside you that you're scared is about to be extinguished.

Hopper strokes his thumbs across your cheekbones, catching the traces of tears, "I heard you, baby. Was it-" He hesitates, "It sounded like the panic thing. I was scared out of my fucking mind, I thought-"

You swallow hard, "I'm okay. You don't have to-"

"Don't have to what?" He ducks his head a little, forcing eye contact, "Please, tell me what's going on."

"What you said, on the phone." You manage, "You said you can't... do this..."

As you watch realisation spread over his face, you're torn between brimming tears and gut wrenching relief, because it's obvious that whatever he meant, it wasn't to break up with you.

"No!" His hands tighten on your face, "Oh fuck, no baby, no."

The tears win, and he wraps his arms around you as you sob into his chest. One hand strokes your hair, and you nestle into him, letting his murmured words soothe you.

"I love you... You're the best thing that coulda happened to a grumpy fucker like me... Let it out, baby, it's okay... I'm never letting you go... That's it, sweetheart... I've got you..."

You're light headed by the time your tears dry up, but other than that you feel the best you have since you leapt out of bed with Hopper this morning. He's still cradling you, and you feel surrounded, protected, safe.

"I love you." You whisper, "Jim, I love you so much it scares me."

He gives a low chuckle, "Oh sweetheart, you think I'm not scared?"

You tip your head back and look up at him in surprise.

"I'm scared shitless," He tells you, "All I wanted tonight was to sit with you and El and hear about both of your first days at school. Instead, I get to sit alone on the couch while my daughter talks on the phone to the boyfriend she spent all day with, and the woman I love is on the other side of town having a fucking panic attack. I can't do this anymore, and I don't know how to fix it."

You wish you had an answer, but you really don't. All you can do is press tighter into Hopper's arms.

"I can't leave you alone tonight," He says after a minute or so, "Will you come sleep at the cabin? Please?"

You picture his single bed, but then you consider the alternative, and nod your agreement. "What about El?"

"She'll understand. And she really likes you, remember?"

Hopper insists on carrying your overnight bag to the car for you, and keeps a protective hand on your thigh throughout the drive to the cabin. Normally someone treating you as if you're breakable would make you mad, but right now you know that he needs this, and that's okay. El is in her room when you arrive, and judging by the giggle that emerges, on the phone to one of her friends. Hopper calls out that he's back and has you with him, but there's no response.

"Teenagers." You tell him, "Give it a year or five."

You change into your pyjamas in the bathroom, since there's only a shower curtain separating Hopper's room from the living area, and then climb into his narrow bed to wait for him. You hear him saying goodnight to El, and for some reason it makes your heart ache just a little. Then he's pulling back the curtain and standing over you in his plaid pyjama pants and Henley.

"I'll sleep on the couch, so-"

"No!" You didn't mean it to sound so forceful, or maybe you did. "No, sleep here, with me, please."

He eyes the bed doubtfully, the look in his eyes bringing a lump to your throat, but finally he nods and squeezes in beside you. The only way to make it work is by him curving his body around yours, but that's just fine with you. His chest is pressed to your back, his legs tangled with yours, one of his arms curling under your neck, and the other slung over your waist. You reach for his hand and entwine your fingers with his.

"I'll figure this out." He murmurs, his breath warm on the side of your neck, "I promise, sweetheart."

"We'll figure it out." You reply, snuggling back into him and feeling his arms tighten around you in response as you drift into sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading, more on the way!

DoB x

28. Chapter 28

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh you guys, I'm so sorry. There's been a lot of life stuff going on, and my creativity felt like it just got lost for a while... but today it came crawling back, admittedly on hands and knees, and helped me to get this chapter from the half finished state it's been in for months into something more worthy of posting. So here you go - it's probably not perfect, but it's Hopper and reader, and maybe that's all we need right now.

It doesn't require much thought for you to decide to sleep at the cabin again the following night, and somehow you find yourself there the night after that as well. It's not that Hopper explicitly asks you to, or that you couldn't sleep alone in the trailer, but the idea of being apart from each other is something that doesn't appeal to either of you right now. El seems fine with you being there every night, and introduces you to some of her favourite Eggo concoctions in the mornings, although her version of breakfast gives you a sugar high that lasts pretty much the whole school day.

On Friday, El has a sleepover planned with her friends at the Wheelers', so you and Hopper agree to stay over at the trailer. You spend the time between the end of school and the end of his shift cleaning up and doing some laundry. It's felt strange to stay away for a few days; even though sleeping at the cabin has its benefits, you much prefer the lakeside. By the time Hopper arrives, you've got the place spick and span, and a lasagna in the oven.

"Something smells good." He greets you by pulling you into his arms and nuzzling at your neck, "And it's definitely you."

You laugh, breathing in a lungful of his own scent. Coffee, tobacco, a hint of leather, and the faint aroma of the soap he used in the shower this morning. "You don't smell bad yourself."

He kisses your neck, nipping lightly as he pulls back. "How was your day, beautiful?"

"I'm glad the week is over. Getting used to a new school is

exhausting."

"Even when you're not sleeping in a tiny bed with a giant, I'm guessing?"

You laugh, but he looks a little resigned, so you try to emphasise the positive. "That bed has its compensations."

He raises an eyebrow, "Really?"

It's true that you haven't had sex, or even fooled around, since you've been staying over at Hopper's cabin. There just isn't enough privacy.

"I like waking up with you." You protest.

"I like waking up with you too," He agrees, "But I prefer it in a setting where I can make you scream my name before I have my first cup of coffee."

You blush instantly, and he captures your lips for a kiss, gently biting down on your bottom lip, licking into your mouth with his tongue, his hand threading through your hair and cupping the back of your head. By the time he releases you, your knees are weak.

"Much as I'd like to take you straight to bed - or the couch, or the table, or the floor-" He smirks and you feel a throb between your legs, "We need to have a landlord and tenant conversation first."

You settle on the couch, Hopper sitting so close to you that your thigh is pressed into his. You rest your hand on his knee, absently rubbing your thumb across the slightly stiff fabric of his uniform pants.

"I was thinking about making a few improvements." He tells you.

"Okay..." Your mind is racing. You'd known there would probably have to be a conversation about living arrangements, but this wasn't where you thought it would start.

Hopper takes your hand, "I was thinking, if I built on an extension, this place would still be a trailer, but it'd be a trailer with two bedrooms."

You swallow hard, your hand now squeezing his tightly.

"And if it had two bedrooms," He continues, "They could have doors, with locks. Well, one of them would have a lock," He corrects himself, "The other would be open three inches at all times. But-"

"Are you-" You interrupt, "Jim, is this..." You stare up at him, your eyes wide.

"I want us to live together. You, me, El." He says bluntly.

It's not that you're bad with words, you're a songwriter for heaven's sake. But right now there are no words that can describe the feelings rushing through you. So in the moment, all you can do is grab Hopper and kiss him breathless.

When you finally break apart, he cups your face in his hands, "Is that a yes?"

"You remember that whole thing about this being crazy or not crazy?" He half smiles, "I remember."

"Well I think this qualifies. But I really, really, want to do it." Then you think of something, "Did you talk to El about this yet?"

He shrugs, "She asked me if you were staying at the cabin for good, so that opened the door to a conversation."

"And what does she think?"

"She thinks there'll be pancakes every morning, so she's on board." He's grinning now.

You make a face, "Seriously! What did she really say?"

"She likes you, baby, you know that. She checked that Mike and her friends could come over, that kind of thing, but it's all fine."

"How long would it take?" You ask next, butterflies whirling in your stomach. If this is happening, you want it now.

"I talked to a guy I know who does construction. A week or two, maybe? If you can tough it out in the cabin while they're doing the work here."

"Is that all?" Your grin matches his.

"I'm the Chief, baby. And like I said, it's still a trailer."

"About that..." You reach up and plant another soft kiss on his lips, "Thank you for not suggesting we get a house in the suburbs or something."

He snorts, "As if I could afford one?"

"Jim-

His face softens as he kisses you gently, "You love it here, and you make me love it here."

"I do love it." You tell him, "But I love you more."

"That's a relief. No man likes coming second to a trailer."

You laugh, "You run a very close second to my guitar, how's that?"

He shrugs, "My ego can take it." He pulls you even closer, "I know I've got skills your guitar doesn't."

"Skills, huh?" You raise an eyebrow.

"Oh yeah, baby, so many skills."

"You know, the lasagna won't be ready for a little while..."

He makes a mock disappointed face, "Really? I'm pretty hungry..." He nips at your earlobe, "Not sure I can make it much longer-" He suddenly slips off the couch, dropping to his knees on the floor, pulling you by the waist so that you come to sit directly in front of him, "-without a snack."

His hands on the insides of your thighs make you shiver as Hopper firmly pushes your legs apart, and you swallow hard as he bends to place a kiss on your bare knee.

"Mmm, you really do smell good..." His tongue traces a line along your thigh, as his hands grip the fabric of your skirt, pushing it up towards your waist. You lift your hips to help, and then suddenly his face is right there between your legs, his tongue pressing onto the damp spot already darkening the pale cotton of your panties.

"Jim!" Your fingers push into his hair, unconsciously seeking to keep him where he is.

Instead of answering, he pulls your underwear aside and tongues your clit, tracing a frustratingly gentle circle, then chuckling softly as you whine in protest.

"Patience, sweetheart." His voice is a little muffled, and the vibration of his words against your sensitive flesh makes you tremble.

"Please, Jim..."

A moan escapes your lips as he takes pity on you and presses his tongue hard against your clit, flicking and curling, making you tip your head back and gasp for air. His hands push under you, cupping your ass, holding you in place as he explores, pushing the tip of his tongue inside you before returning to your clit.

"Fuck... fuck..." The muscles of your thighs are tensing, tremors passing through you as Hopper's tongue drives you closer to the precipice. He squeezes your ass almost painfully hard as he suckles your clit, and then you feel just the lightest touch of his teeth and you're done, your body arching away from the couch as your climax rips through you, your fingers clenching in his hair, your mouth open in a soundless cry, before you collapse into a panting heap.

When you manage to pry your eyes open, Hopper is sitting back on his heels in front of you, a very satisfied smirk on his face.

"Seems like you enjoyed that snack almost as much as I did,

sweetheart."

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for coming back and reading, love you guys.
DoB xx

29. Chapter 29

Notes for the Chapter:

You know the drill by now: life, work, yadda yadda yadda. But here's another chapter, better late than never, right?

"You're not going to walk me in with your hands over my eyes, are you?" You look over at Hopper as he skilfully guides the car off the road and over towards the newly expanded trailer. In what you tend to think of as his off duty uniform of jeans and a flannel shirt, he's looking delicious, but tired.

"I was thinking about it." He admits, flashing you a grin, "But that's a corny move, right?"

"Right." You agree, but you can't help bouncing slightly with excitement, even though the motion makes you wince. The three weeks it's taken to get the trailer finished have felt like some of the longest of your life, due in no small part to the permanent painful crick in your neck from sleeping in Hopper's tiny bed.

Spending these weeks living in the cabin with Hopper and El has certainly been a learning experience, and it's proved that the three of you are capable of co-habiting, but you can't wait to co-habit in a space where your bedroom has an actual door. Not least because El, for all that she isn't that talkative, is certainly good at making noise - if it isn't the TV at full volume, it's her friends at full volume on the phone. The only time there's quiet is when Mike is over, and then it's Hopper creating the noise by yelling to them every five minutes to make sure they aren't making out (which they totally are).

Hopper shuts off the engine, and turns to you.

"Ready?"

"So ready."

He cups your face in his hand, "Bedroom with a king size bed and a lock on the door, less than thirty feet away."

You actually groan with longing and relief, and although he laughs, there's a flash of heat in his eyes too.

"Haven't slept properly in three fucking weeks, huh?" He acknowledges, "Haven't seen you naked in three fucking weeks,

either." He adds, and you can't help pressing your thighs together as desire ratchets through you.

"Mmm hmm." You manage, and for a long moment you just stare at each other.

You can actually see him swallow before he tears his gaze from yours and takes a deep breath. "Come on, baby. Let's go check this place out."

You have actually managed to have sex twice in the last three weeks, but both times it was hurried, half clothed, and under the threat of El arriving home early. Between Hopper's shifts at work, your full time job and additional commitments with extracurricular clubs, and the unpredictable nature of El's schedule, it's been almost impossible to carve out any private time. As a result, you've got a serious case of whatever the female equivalent of blue balls is - and clearly, Hopper's got a very blue set of his own.

"You know you really didn't have to do all the moving yourself, don't you?" As you get out of the car, you return to a theme that has featured in more than a few recent conversations.

"And you know I wanted to." He tells you, as he always does. "It's not like El and I have that much stuff. Besides, it's kind of a surprise this way."

Although this makes you melt a little, your mind also goes to the boxes that you saw him hustle out to the truck when he thought you were in the bathroom. One of them was labelled 'Vietnam', and you have a feeling those boxes are already stashed somewhere in the trailer that you're unlikely to find. Hopper's entitled to his secrets, of course he is, but it still makes you feel a little itchy.

Inside the trailer, the living space is hardly any different, except for Hopper's newer and better TV replacing yours in the spot opposite the couch. The kitchen has gained a few more dishes and pots and pans - though not many - and there's an extra box of records next to the turntable. The real difference is that now the narrow corridor doesn't only lead to one bedroom and the bathroom, but has an extra door at the end.

"El's room." Hopper opens the door of what used to be your bedroom, to show El's furniture from the cabin, plus a small armchair facing your old TV. It's a little crammed in, but El negotiated impressively

hard for the TV, and neither of you had the heart to refuse.

"We may never see her." You comment, only half-joking.

"She'll have to come out for Eggos." Hopper points out as he shuts the door. "And now, the master bedroom..."

You swear he looks a little nervous as he takes hold of the door handle, and you realise you're holding your breath. He gently pushes the door open, then flattens himself against the wall of the hallway so that you can enter first.

"Oh my god." You weren't sure what you'd been expecting, but it wasn't this. Yes, it's still a trailer, but it's one hell of an upgrade. There's the promised king size bed, plus wardrobe and dresser, but there's also a glass door leading out onto a little porch overlooking the lake, slightly bigger than the one that leads off the living space.

"You..." Tears form in your eyes as you take in the two potted plants and easy chairs on the wooden deck. "Oh my god, Jim."

His arms close around you from behind, "Like it?"

"I love it." You breathe, leaning back into his embrace, "I can't believe you did this."

"It's still a trailer." He notes, but you know he's smiling.

"Now about this bed." He lets you go and turns to face the king size, "I had to guess on the mattress, so you should probably come try it out."

"Oh really?" You try to keep the smirk off your face.

"Just for, you know, insurance purposes."

"Insurance purposes?" You give him a look, and he shrugs.

"I'm no expert, I'm just going on what the salesman said." He sits down on the edge of the bed and bounces a little.

You approach the bed deliberately slowly, lowering yourself onto the mattress next to him, and sighing as you sink just the right amount as you sit.

"Feels pretty good to-"

You don't get to finish the sentence, as Hopper grabs you and tips you sideways to lay on the bed as he kisses you hard. You flood with desire immediately, and match his urgency as you both work to strip off clothes as quickly as possible. One of Hopper's boots hits the wall, your shirt snags on the light shade, and your panties disappear into the space between the dresser and the wall, never to be seen again.

But who cares when you have Hopper's body blanketing yours, his kisses robbing you of breath, his hands grabbing, stroking, moving you to exactly where he wants you - and exactly where you want to be. You're communicating in moans and gasps, countering Hopper's groans and hisses, as he hooks his arm behind your knee and pushes inside you, filling you so full you see stars as your pussy contracts around him, desperate for more.

It's fast and messy and hard and perfect. He suckles kisses into your neck as he ruts into you, your fingers digging little bruises into his back. You can't think, you can barely breathe, all of your attention focussed on the heat pooling in your belly, the little jolts of electricity moving through your limbs, knowing you're building to something you've been missing so much over the last few weeks. Hopper's breath is hot on your skin, his hand tight on your leg, his strength rocking your body as he drives you towards the peak. And then it hits you, robbing you of air and of all control, a second of pure, white, nothing, before pleasure crashes through you, taking you over, leaving you clinging to him as you ride the wave.

"Jim... Jim..." You know it's your own voice, but it feels far away, somewhere beyond the blissful storm.

As his movements slow and you start to recover your senses, you manage to focus on Hopper's face, his eyes locking with yours as he drops his head to kiss you softly.

"Okay?" The check in always makes your heart ache.

"More than." You manage to reply.

He smiles slightly and rolls onto his side, gathering you close. "Does this mean the mattress is acceptable?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for reading! Leave me a comment if you're still on board, and I promise to try to move a little faster to get this across the finish line!